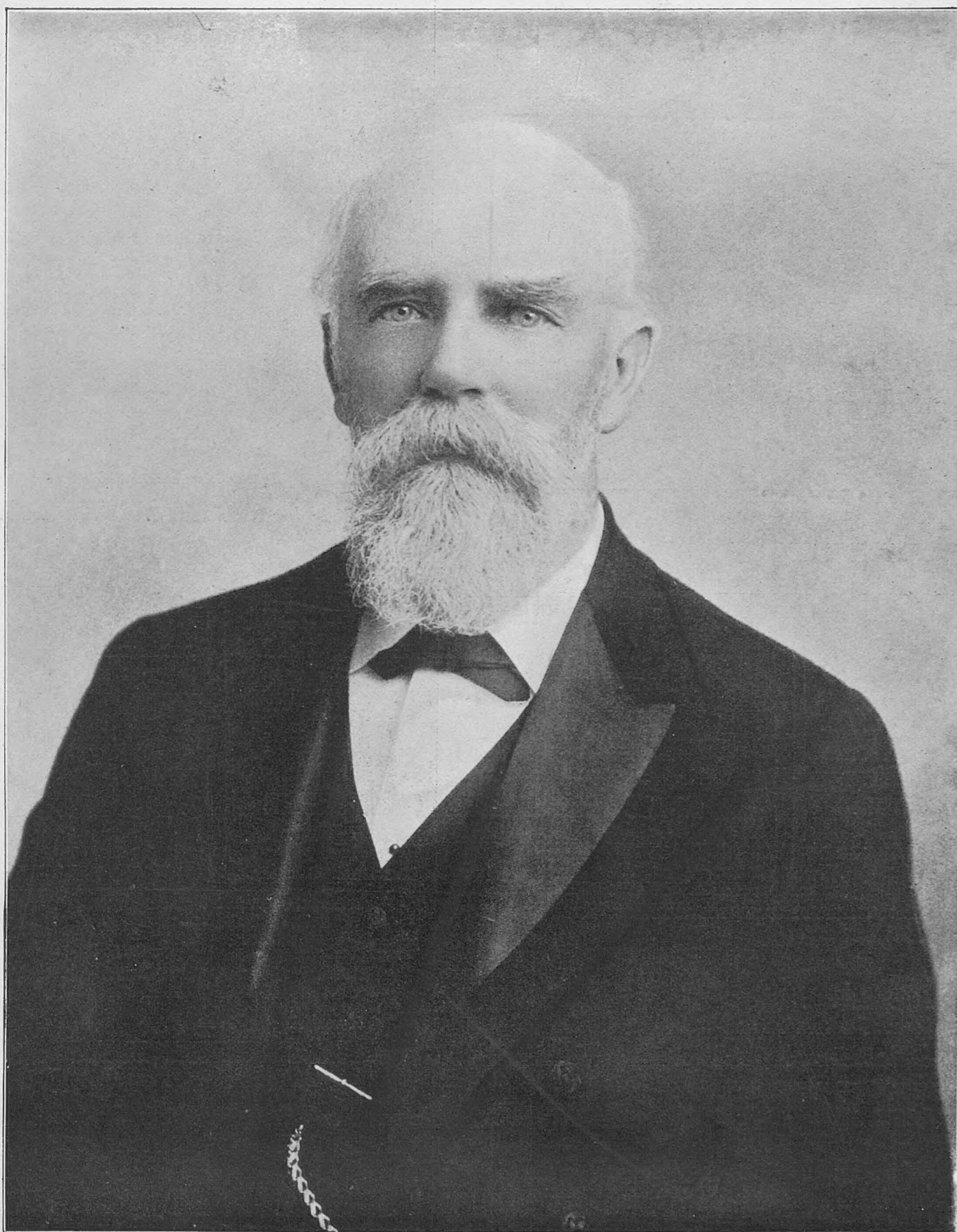




No. 319.—Vol. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



[Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.]

THE UNCROWNED KING OF THE WORLD OF TRAVEL.

Mr. John Mason Cook was born at Market Harborough in 1834, and died at Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, March 4, 1899, aged sixty-four. As the head of the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, he developed the vast travelling organisation that his father had founded, until it included a flotilla of boats on the Nile, a railway up Vesuvius, and vast interests throughout India and in every part of Europe and America. The late Mr. Cook was a singularly generous and kindly man, as well as a great organiser. He was deeply beloved and will be sincerely regretted by a great number of sorrowing friends.

"THE MAYFLOWER," AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE, CAMBERWELL

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISTRESS JOAN MALLORY (MISS LENA ASHWELL) AND TOBIAS MARDYKE (MR. MARK KINGHORNE).



JACK POYNINGS (MR. BERNARD GOULD) AND JOAN'S SWEETHEART, LORD GERVASE CAREW (MR. SCOTT BUIST)



MARDYKE AND HIS WIFE BRIDGET (MISS EMILY CROSS).



JOAN AND CICELY PRENTICE (MISS HENRIETTA WATSON).

Mr. Louis Parker's play, "The Mayflower," originally produced in America, is being played at Camberwell (for the first time in England) this week. It tells how Joan Mallory loved my Lord Gervase Carew, the son of her father's cruel enemy, who was like to have brought her to ruin; how Roger Mallory, her father, joined the Pilgrims in the "Mayflower," and how Gervase, casting off his titles and estates, followed after her amid great hardship and privation, and won her.

"THE MAYFLOWER," AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE, CAMBERWELL.

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



THE PURITANS PSALM-SINGING.



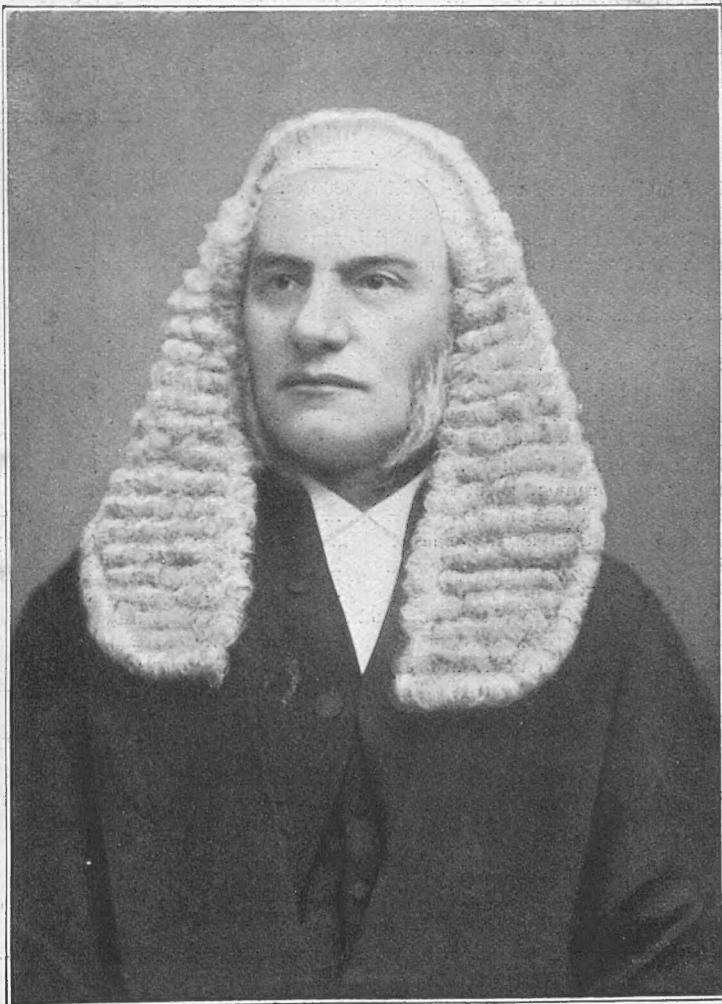
THE COUNTESS RUSSELL HAS BECOME A GAIETY GIRL.

The Countess Russell (pictured here by another Russell, the photographer) has followed the example of the Earl of Rosslyn, and on Monday she begins her career as an actress in earnest by playing Miss Ellaline Terriss's part of Winifred Gray in "A Runaway Girl," with Mr. George Edwardes' company at Plymouth. Lady Russell, who has always been fond of dancing, and who appeared at the Royalty Theatre some years ago, was formerly Miss Mabel Edith Scott, the youngest of the three daughters of the late Sir Claude Scott (who died in 1880), of the famous banking firm, and the cousin of the present Baronet. In 1890 she married Earl Russell, the grandson of the famous Lord John. The alliance, as all the world knows, has not been a success.

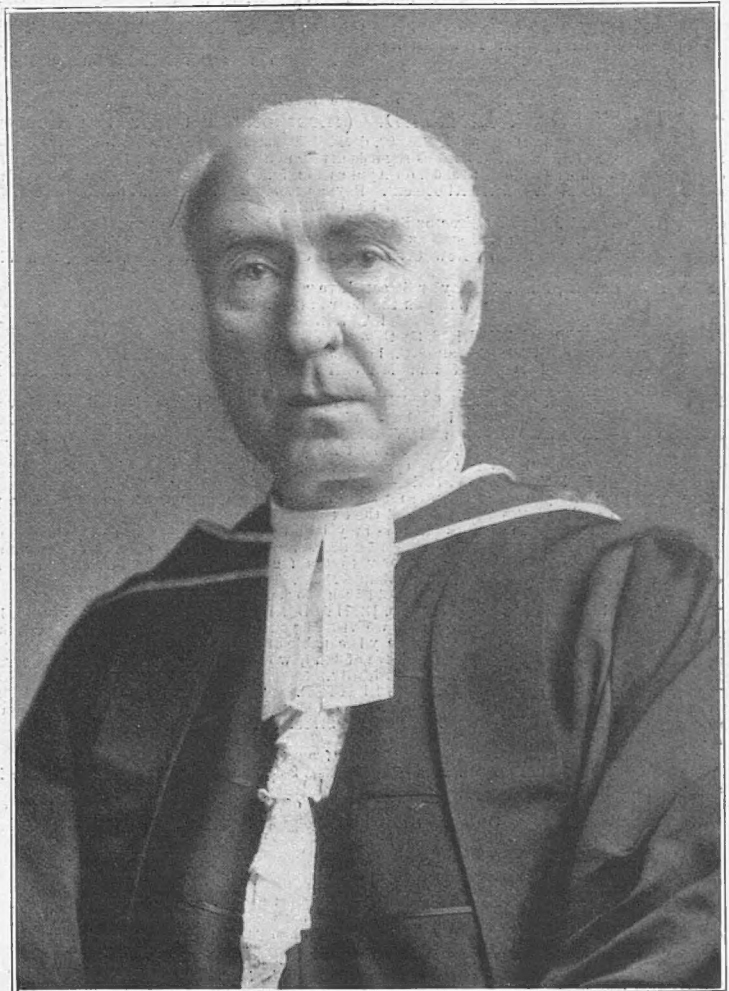
BARON HERSCHELL, "A. K. H. B.," AND COUNTESS RUSSELL.



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL,
WHO BEGINS HER CAREER AS "THE RUNAWAY GIRL" AT PLYMOUTH ON MONDAY.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



FARRER HERSCHELL, FIRST BARON HERSCHELL.
BORN 1837; DIED SUDDENLY AT WASHINGTON ON WEDNESDAY.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street W.



REV. A. K. H. BOYD.
BORN 1825; ACCIDENTALLY TOOK POISON AT BOURNEMOUTH ON WEDNESDAY.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING at 9. THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. Doors open 7.45.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY, and on
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors open 7.45).
LAST WEEKS. THE MUSKETEERS. By Sydney Grundy. LAST WEEKS.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.45 (Doors open at 7.30).
THE AMBASSADOR.
A Comedy in Four Acts by John Oliver Hobbes.
At 8. A REPENTANCE, an Original Drama in One Act by John Oliver Hobbes.
MATINEES TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office (Mr. E. Arnold) open daily 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

LAST FIVE WEEKS IN OLYMPIA.
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
Final Exhibitions of the Splendid Show in London.
POSITIVELY BEGINNING THE TOUR OF THE CHIEF CITIES ON MONDAY,
APRIL 10.
CLOSING IN OLYMPIA APRIL 8.

Menageries, Museum, Hippodrome, Circus, Aerial, Acrobatic, Athletic, and
Gymnastic Departments.

STUPENDOUS ASSEMBLY OF NEW LIVING HUMAN PRODIGES.

TWO MAGNIFICENT AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.
Novel Water Craft and Miniature Ships of War, representing
A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, AND
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY.
At 2 and 8 p.m. Doors open 12.30 and 6.30.
All Tickets admit to every advertised feature.

Prices: 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 7s. 6d.
Children between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats.
Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. 1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open.
All other Seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, and AROUND the WORLD.

The magnificent STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL and OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANIES leave SAN FRANCISCO TRI-MONTHLY. Choice of any
Atlantic line to New York, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC
COMPANY. Stops allowed at points of interest.

For pamphlets, time schedules, and through tickets apply to Ismay, Imrie, and Co., 30, James
Street, Liverpool; 31, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falck, General European
Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.;
and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

"THE HALL," BUSHEY, HERTS.

Sixteen Miles from London (Euston or City).

CHARMING RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.

Situated in Magnificent Park of 150 acres, overlooking Bushey Hall Golf Course (open to Visitors).
120 Sitting and Bed Rooms, Library, Drawing, Smoking and Billiard Rooms.

ENGLISH, SWIMMING, AND OTHER BATHS.

LIVERY AND CYCLE STABLES; RECHERCHE CUISINE AND WINES.

Moderate Tariff; Special Terms for Lengthened Stay.
Apply Manager, "The Hall," Bushey, Herts.

The LIST CLOSES on or before WEDNESDAY, March 8, 1899.

"TITAN" SOAP, LIMITED. (Incorporated under the Companies

Acts, 1862 to 18 8.) Capital, £65,000, divided into 30,000 5s. per cent. Cumulative Preference
Shares of £1 each (Preferential both as regards dividend and capital), and 35,000 Ordinary Shares
of £1 each, payable as follows: 2s. 6d. on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, 5s. one month after
Allotment, 5s. two months after Allotment. Payment may be made in full on Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

COUNCILLOR A. H. SCOTT (Director Burgons, Limited), Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
JOHN MORRIS, J.P. (Messrs. Morris and Jones), 13, Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool.
HENRY HEAVEN (Director, New Civil Service Co-operation, Limited), 122, Queen Victoria
Street, London, E.C.

* F. O. KLONGER, Ph.D., 54, Naylor Street, Liverpool.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

MESSRS. LEYLAND and BULLINS, Castle Street, Liverpool, and their Agents:
MESSRS. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK, and CO., 15, Lombard Street, London, E.C.
MESSRS. WILLIAMS DEACON and MANCHESTER and SALFORD BANK, LIMITED,
St. Ann's Street, Manchester.

BROKERS.—MESSRS. CASE and RIDEHALGH, 112, Queen Avenue, Dale Street, Liverpool.
SOLICITORS.—MESSRS. H. FORSHAW and HAWKINS, Castle Street, Liverpool.

AUDITORS.—MESSRS. VOSEY and WORTHINGTON, Chartered Accountants, Warrington.
WORKS.—NAYLOR STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SECRETARY (pro tem).—WALTER FROST.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—54, NAYLOR STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Seventeen thousand pounds of the present issue will be set aside for additional working capital.
The value of the Properties acquired, and the extent, capacity, and suitability of the Works to
the requirements of the Company's business may be gathered from the following reports from
Messrs. W. Neill and Son, Soap Makers' Engineers and Experts, and Mr. William Thomson,
Valuator, Liverpool, whose estimates show that a factory of similar character could not be
erected and fitted to-day at a cost of less than £21,000.

W. NEILL and SON, Bold Iron Works, St. Helens Junction.

"To the DIRECTORS of 'TITAN' SOAP, LIMITED. "Jan. 12, 1899.
"DEAR SIR,—As requested by you, we visited your works in Naylor Street, and, having
inspected same, we estimate that the factory is capable of turning out 120 tons of Soap per week,
and estimate that a similar Works, exclusive of land, would to-day not cost less than seventeen
thousand pounds (say £17,000).—Yours faithfully,
"W. NEILL and SON."

"To the DIRECTORS of 'TITAN' SOAP, LIMITED. "Cook Street, Liverpool, Jan. 16, 1899.
"GENTLEMEN,—As instructed, I have inspected the piece of land, containing about 20 1/2
square yards, situate on the south side of Naylor Street, in the city of Liverpool, more particularly
shown on the annexed sketch plan.

"The tenure is stated to be Freehold and free from Chief Rent.
"The property has been used for many years as a Soap Works, and I consider the site is well
suited for the purpose.

"I estimate the value of the above site, exclusive of Buildings, Plant, and Machinery erected
thereon, at the sum of four thousand pounds (say £4,000).—Yours truly,
"WM. THOMSON, Valuer and Property Auctioneer."

Messrs. Vosey and Worthington, Chartered Accountants, Warrington, report as follows—

"21, King Street, Warrington, Jan. 27, 1899.

"To the DIRECTORS of 'TITAN' SOAP, LIMITED.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books of the Liverpool Patent Soap Company and
those relating to the manufacture of 'Titan' Soap for the three years ended Dec. 31, 1897, and we
certify that the net profits of the manufacture and sale of 'Titan' Soap for that period have been
£15,171 2s. 6d.—Yours truly,
"VOSEY and WORTHINGTON."

The above is clear net profit after deducting every possible charge, including the full
expenditure for advertising.

During the year ending Dec. 31, 1898 (for which period the books have not yet been audited),
the average sales have not only been maintained, but the methods recently adopted for bringing
the special qualities of "Titan" Soap intimately under the notice of consumers have resulted in a
largely increased sale.

Prospectuses, with Forms of Application, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and
from their Bankers or Solicitors.

Liverpool, February 1899.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Chief Office: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

*Summary of the Report Presented at the Fiftieth Annual
Meeting, held on March 2, 1899.*

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the
year was 64,708, assuring the sum of £6,420,580, and producing a
New Annual Premium Income of £353,113.

The Premiums received during the year were £2,967,501, being
an increase of £193,237 over the year 1897.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was
534,138.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year
were £4,960,756, being an increase of £167,165.

The claims of the year amounted to £1,891,039. The number of
deaths was 198,308, and 2181 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those
Policyholders of five years' standing, who desired to discontinue their
payments, was 66,379, the number in force being 604,564. The
number of Free Policies which became Claims during the year was
12,231.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was
12,949,679: their average duration exceeds eight and a-half years.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the
Balance-Sheet, are £33,599,708, being an increase of £3,161,371
over those of 1897.

Public attention having been for some time past directed to
questions of thrift and provision for old age, the Directors have had
under consideration how they can further assist those Policyholders who,
from age and diminished earnings, find some difficulty in maintaining
the payment of Premiums on their Policies, and they have therefore
made provision for all Policyholders in the Industrial Branch who have
been assured for twenty-five years to be free from the payment of
further Premiums as they attain the age of 75. This alteration takes
effect at once, and has, of course, necessitated a considerable addition to
the Reserves.

**GENERAL BALANCE-SHEET OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE
COMPANY, LIMITED, on Dec. 31, 1898.**

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Shareholders' capital	...	1,000,000	0	0
Ordinary Branch funds	...	17,156,951	11	8
Industrial Branch funds	...	14,538,952	13	5
Reserve fund	...	750,000	0	0
Claims under life policies admitted	...	153,804	0	11
		£33,599,708	6	0

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
British Government securities (£3,155,000 Consols)	...	3,153,583	5	11
Indian and Colonial Government securities	...	3,300,877	4	5
Railway and other debentures and debenture stocks	...	2,176,498	18	1
Loans on County Council, Municipal, and other rates	...	6,246,917	12	3
Freehold ground rents and Scotch feu duties	...	2,830,469	8	8
Freehold and leasehold property	...	1,934,411	16	10
Mortgages	...	4,143,948	16	6
Railway, gas, and water stocks	...	5,669,891	3	4
Suez Canal shares	...	168,489	5	8
Telegraph and other shares	...	72,532	8	3
Metropolitan Consolidated stock, and City of London bonds	...	358,645	12	6
Bank of England stock	...	200,559	18	6
Foreign Government securities	...	996,694	1	3
Reversions and Life Interests	...	575,104	1	6
Loans on the Company's policies	...	690,268	13	3
Rent charges	...	148,164	0	1
Outstanding premiums	...	360,525	9	10
Cash in hands of Superintendents and Agents' balances	...	49,475	9	10
Outstanding interest and rents	...	241,243	17	0
Cash—On deposit, on current accounts, and in hand	...	281,407	2	4
		£33,599,708	6	0

"We have examined the Cash transactions, Receipts and Payments,
affecting the Accounts of the Assets and Investments for the year ended
Dec. 31, 1898, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched.
We have also examined the Deeds and Securities, Certificates, &c.,
representing the Assets and Investments set out in the above Account,
and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on
Dec. 31, 1898.

"DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS, AND CO.

"Feb. 14, 1899."

THOS. C. DEWEY } Joint
WILLIAM HUGHES } General
FREDERICK FISHER } Managers.
W. J. LANCASTER, Secretary.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The sick-bed forces itself upon us at times in a very dominant way. During the week the world at large has been interested in the illness of the veteran Pope. Two continents have been stirred by the tidings from Rudyard Kipling's bedside, and have been raised from the depths of doubt to the heights of hope by the news of his gradual recovery. The moralists have had a great text in Mr. Kipling; for it is only a few weeks ago since he left his home at Rottingdean, the little village four miles from Brighton, in the best of health. True, Sir E. Burne-Jones died there recently, and Mr. William Black was buried there, but Mr. Kipling seemed so far vital that the news of his sudden smash-up came as a great surprise. There is something very appropriate in the fact that Wellington, Empire Maker, should have been educated at little Rottingdean, the home of the Empire Singer of a century later.

To-morrow the Queen will depart for Nice, and set at rest the many rumours circulating to the effect that the long-promised journey would not be made. The *Globe's* correspondent, who promptly noted the expressions of ill-will that caused a representation of her Majesty to be withdrawn from the programme at the Jetée, has been vindicated by the Mayor of Nice, who has expressed regrets in the right quarters. There is no good to be got from denying that a certain amount of ill-will against England exists at Nice; at the same time, it is being exaggerated. French soldiers and sailors feel sore, and are not disposed to be exuberantly friendly, but I do not think the trouble can be traced beyond the comparative failure of the Nice season. Truth to tell, England and America have combined this year to disappoint the Niçois; adverse comments upon the sanitary condition of the town, the mismanagement of the *douane*, and other smaller matters, have led to prompt and ridiculous denials on the part of the authorities and tended to increase the irritation on both sides. At the same time, the general feeling of the town is not actively hostile, and the shouts of the *canaille* in a music-hall must not be taken at more than their proper value. My friends in Nice are unanimous in believing that her Majesty will have a loyal and enthusiastic reception, and the rumours of extra precautions are, almost without exception, canards.

The deficit of thirty millions sterling in the United States revenue for the year, together with the restrictions imposed by the Clayton-

Bulwer Treaty, have indefinitely delayed the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. Panama has disgraced France, Nicaragua is deferred, but, to the man in the street, the plan of the Mexican Government to build an inter-oceanic railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is unknown, yet that route has been more or less vivified since Cortes discovered the proximity of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and is now in progress of completion. The line will be a hundred and ninety miles long, with spacious ocean trade harbours at Coatzacoalcas and

Salina Cruz. Trans-shipment of cargo will be necessary, but steamers from the West and East will be in readiness to continue the journey with the cargo. In eighteen months Messrs. S. Pearson, the contractors, will have the work advanced enough to cope with a certain ocean traffic, but in three years the enterprise, hitherto hindered by Panama and Nicaragua, will be finished. The contract is for three millions sterling.

It is understood that news has been received within the past few days which has given rise to great uneasiness in certain official quarters. Since the British victories in the Soudan, the

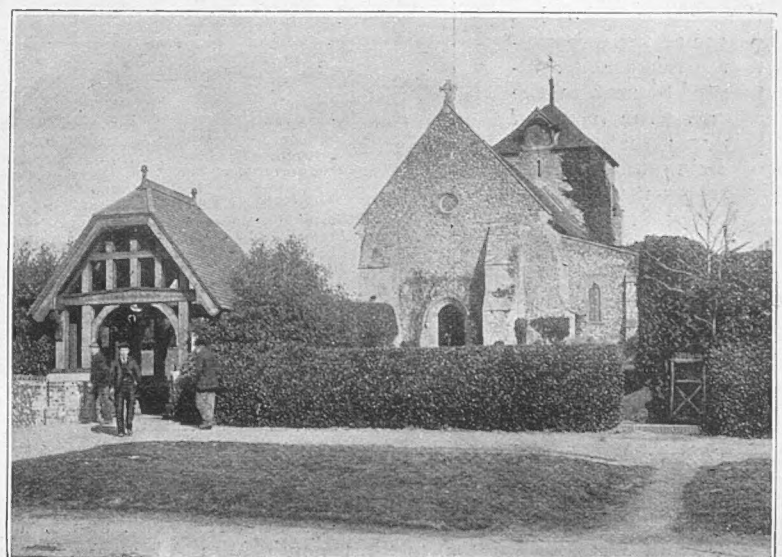
Emperor Menelik has viewed with no great optimism the presence of the Anglo-Egyptian forces upon the borders of his territories, and, despite the cordial welcome he gave to the phonographic utterances of the Queen, which Lieutenant Harrington conveyed to the Negus, the continued activity of the Egyptian forces in the Soudan has increased his mistrust of British advances. The Abyssinian forces are prepared for contingencies arising from the situation, but great anxiety is felt, from the restless spirit of the Emperor Menelik, lest he should complicate the difficulties of the Soudan operations by aggressive measures. Such precautions as would be necessary to meet a predicament of the kind are in process of realisation, although great attention is directed towards giving any movement of troops the appearance of being subject to the requirements of the Soudan. The eagerness of Menelik to meet Major Marchand is not considered to presage any collusion between the French expedition and the Abyssinian forces, nor does the attempt of Russia to assert a religious protectorate over Abyssinia bear reference to the Emperor's activity, although the existence of hostile factions in the Abyssinian kingdom at this moment would not diminish the gravity of the situation should any crisis be precipitated.



MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE AT ROTTINGDEAN.
Photo by Brunell, Star Street, W.

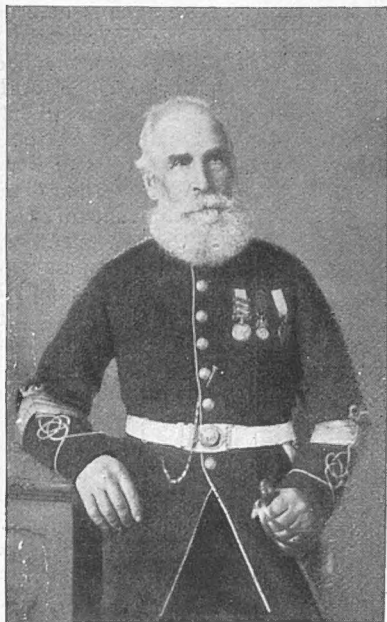


WHERE CARDINAL MANNING AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WERE
EDUCATED, ROTTINGDEAN.



ROTTINGDEAN CHURCH, WHERE WILLIAM BLACK, THE NOVELIST,
WAS LAID TO REST.

To Sergeant-Major James Harrywood pertains the distinction of being one of the oldest of the non-commissioned officers who went through the Crimean campaign. Sixty-four years ago, when a youth of eighteen, Harrywood took the King's shilling in Elgin, his native town, and was enrolled in the Rifle Brigade. Promotion came in due course, and his natural qualities soon marked him out as a drill-instructor. After a period of service in Bermuda, in Canada, and in Nova Scotia, and as instructor of militia in Radnorshire, Sergeant-Major Harrywood was commissioned to the Crimea, and landed at Eupatoria in September 1854. He was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and uninterruptedly served in the trenches before Sebastopol until, just on the eve of the armistice, he was disabled by a wound received on the right arm and wrist. In addition to the British medal with clasps and the Turkish medal, Sergeant-Major Harrywood was decorated with the French medal for valour and discipline. On his discharge with a pension in 1857, Harrywood returned to his birthplace, and when Volunteer companies were



HE 'LISTED 64 YEARS AGO.
Photo by Stewart, Elgin.

enrolled in Elgin in 1860, he became drill-instructor. Stern and inflexible, upright and tactful, with an exalted sense of duty, the old soldier left an abiding impression on the officers and rank-and-file of his corps. On his retirement as drill-instructor in 1879, after forty-five years' military service, the Sergeant-Major was made the recipient of a substantial token of the esteem entertained towards him. Now in his eighty-second year, the old warrior is wonderfully hale, despite the rheumatic pains which trouble him at times; though somewhat deaf, his memory remains unimpaired, and it still continues the surprise of his life how he escaped death in the terrible Russian winter of 1854-5.

Billy, who has just reached Portsmouth, has a history. He was picked up in South Africa by the 7th Hussars, who made a great pet of him. He accompanied the regiment throughout the whole of the Matabele campaign. Several times he was under fire, but came out uninjured. So attached were the Hussars to their pet that they brought him with them when they returned to England. But when the transport *Simla*, in which the Hussars were brought home, reached Southampton, the regiment, much to their disgust, found that they and their pet must be parted. The Board of Agriculture would not permit the goat to be landed alive, and the Hussars were not willing to have him killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Stackpole, D.A.A.G., the officer who has charge of the embarkation arrangements, interested himself in the animal. The result of this was that, instead of being killed, Billy was sent out to Bombay and back in the *Simla*, which was making a trading voyage to that port. When the *Simla* again reached Southampton the goat was still under a Board of Agriculture ban, and was just on the eve of leaving for another long sea-trip when a telegram giving permission for him to be landed was received from the Department. But Billy was not allowed to rejoin his regiment, and had to be taken from Southampton to Portsmouth in a War Department steamer. Colonel O'Callaghan, the Chief Ordnance Officer of the



THE 7TH HUSSARS' GOAT.
Photo by Gibb, Southsea.

Southern District, had heard of the animal's adventures, and he at once offered Billy an asylum in the Gun-wharf. But for this it is doubtful whether the Hussars' goat would not have ended his adventurous history in the unromantic surroundings of a slaughter-house.

The Government has decided to give a medal to all troops, British and Egyptian, which took part in the fighting in the Soudan during the last three years, so that Tommy will rejoice. This will be following the procedure after the Arabi Pasha Campaign, when the British medal and the Egyptian bronze star were granted. The Military Correspondent of the *Globe*, while agreeing with the issuing of the medal, points out that rewards for the campaigns in the Land of the Pharaohs have been given with a liberality bordering on the absurd, and urges that the 1882 medal should be issued, with clasps for Firket, Atbara, and Khartoum. He points out that many officers, whose service in Egypt in 1882 and 1898 amounted to less than a year, already have five decorations, without taking into account the "C.B.," "C.M.G.," or "D.S.O." But this, of course, does not apply to Tommy, who was probably a baby-in-arms in 1882. It is also said that the Highland Light Infantry, Marines, and Bluejackets are to have a medal for their exploits in Crete, where, though of a less showy nature, the services rendered were well worthy of recognition.

Colonel J. B. B. Dickson, C.B., now commanding the 4th Cavalry Brigade at Colchester, is to take up the command of the troops in the Straits Settlements next month, in succession to Major-General Jones-Vaughan, C.B. Colonel Dickson, who is fifty-six years old, joined the Bengal Cavalry in 1860, and became Captain in the Bengal Staff Corps twelve years later. In 1875 he exchanged into the Royal Dragoons (the Kaiser's Regiment), and was specially promoted into the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1885, commanding the old "Green Horse" from 1887 to 1893. He has been chief of the 4th Cavalry Brigade nearly two years. He served in the Zulu War of 1879 ("mentioned"), and in the Nile Campaign of 1884-5 with the Camel Corps, being severely wounded at Abu Klea. Colonel Dickson has the reputation of being an excellent cavalry commander, and the 5th during his Colonelcy was second to no regiment in the service in efficiency.



A WHITE NIGGER WHO HAS GREY EYES AND RED HAIR.
Photo by Foster, Cradock.

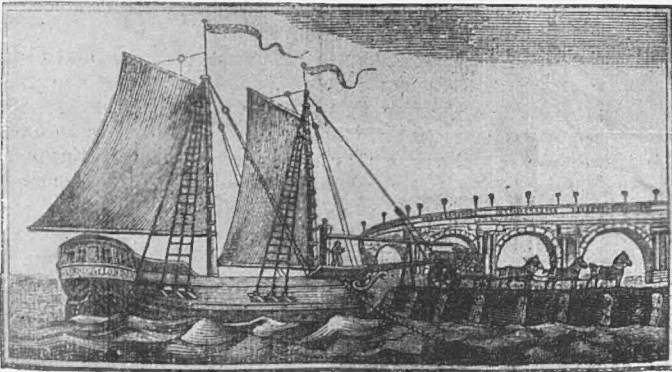
The Military Tournaments at Islington have been successful not only in materially augmenting the funds of military charities, for which object they are held, but also in attracting many desirable recruits. Arrangements have now been made to hold Autumn Tournaments in the various big cities, under the management of the officers who have so ably conducted those at Islington. Lord Wolseley has sanctioned the experiment, but it has not yet been decided where the first of the series shall be held. In this case the primary object is to popularise the Army in the provinces, and not the obtaining of funds for charities. The various military marches through their counties of the Scottish Borderers, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and other regiments have done much to aid recruiting, the General Officers in command of the several districts having reported most favourably as to results. In fact, the more Tommy is seen, the more popular he becomes, and the old prejudice against him is rapidly dying away. It is becoming recognised, too, that the Army offers far more opportunities for advancement than most departments of civil life.

Everybody, of course, knows the "White-Eyed Kaffir." But what do you think of a real black who is white? That paradox passed through the village of Cradock, Cape Colony, the other week, in the person of a Kaffir who was perfectly white all over and had grey eyes and red hair, but his features were those of the South African negro.

The adequate defence of the Bristol Channel will soon be accomplished, and the Welsh coalfields—the larder of the Navy—will no longer be in danger, whatever surprises the future may have in store. The work of erecting new fortifications on the Welsh and English sides of the Channel has already been commenced. Quick-firing and breech-loading guns are to be mounted so as to command the breadth of the Channel near Weston-super-Mare, while Steep Holm, an island almost in the middle, will also be fortified. Most elaborate plans are being prepared for an electrical station at Penarth, from which a powerful search-light will throw a gleam over the water. These guns and all the necessary

fortifications will cost a great deal of money, to say nothing of the electrical station and submarine mines, but the feelings of security that will be produced at Cardiff and other Channel ports will be worth every penny of the outlay.

Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. Those projects which have been mooted from time to time within the past decade or so for

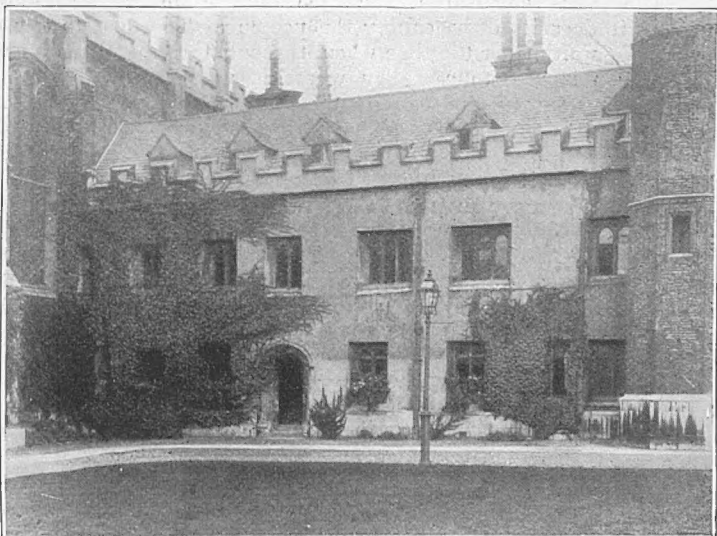


THIS VESSEL FETCHED WATER FROM THE SEA.

bringing sea-water to London are all about a century behind the fair, for look at this rude cut of a ship moored beside Blackfriars Bridge. When this century was in its early years, there was scattered broadcast a roughly printed handbill of which this picture was the chief adornment, and the letterpress underneath set forth the following story: "Mr. Lloyd respectfully informs the Public, the above Vessel (of Forty Tons Burthen, so constructed as to fill herself in the Sea) is constantly kept going to and from the Ocean, to Black-Friar's Bridge; from whence the Water is conveyed to his Baths, in *Bagnio Court, Newgate Street*, and deposited in Reservoirs under ground."

Petty Officer A. Gloyne, of H.M.S. *Royalist*, on the Australian Station, is a proud man. He is the crack marksman of the whole British Navy, the best rifleman out of tens of thousands. In last year's rifle practice he scored 227 points out of a possible 240—a good record. It is probable that no sailor has ever shot better; it is several points better than the naval champion of 1898 and 1897. This Petty Officer was run close by several gunnery instructors. F. Skatford, of the *Orlando*, made 225 points; M. Sopling, of the *Magdala*, 220, and A. Robertson, of the *Iphigenia*, 217. Petty Officer T. Dix, of the *Katoumba*, also made 217, and three others scored 214, 213, and 212. In short, the sailors of the Navy are really good marksmen with the new Lee-Metford, which has replaced the Martini-Henry in all warships. The men of the Particular Service Squadron, for instance, made an average of nearly 156 points, and were closely followed by the riflemen of the East Indies Squadron; while the ships in Australian waters and the guardships scattered round the British coast almost tied with over 142 points, only a fraction separating them. The worst rifle-shooting was in the Cape of Good Hope and South-East Coast of America Squadrons.

The officers who served under Admiral Sampson in the West Indies during the late war have hit upon a very graceful means of giving expression to their feelings. All the Commanding Officers of the fleet have subscribed and presented the Admiral's wife with a loving-cup designed in silver and gold. Commodore Higginson, who made the presentation, recalled that Nelson once boasted that he was served by a band of brothers, and added that no Commander-in-Chief was ever served by a more devoted band of brothers than the victor of the Battle of Santiago. "He wore at all times the great mantle of his authority,"



A FAMOUS CORNER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

added the Commodore, "with a simple dignity and a gentle refinement which is rarely seen, and, once seen, is never forgotten." Mrs. Sampson was surprised and touched by this graceful gift, and she made a not less graceful acknowledgment of the cup. There is one thing many American women can do admirably—make a tactful speech.

Three plums of the naval service are waiting to fall into the mouths of a trio of fortunate senior officers. The extended appointment of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty will terminate shortly. This officer has done splendid work at Whitehall, and, if rumour may be believed, he will be succeeded by a thoroughly good administrator, Vice-Admiral Sir John A. Fisher, who is now acting as Commander-in-Chief of the North American Squadron, and has had considerable experience of the work of the Admiralty Board. Another vacancy will occur when Admiral Sir J. O. Hopkins relinquishes the command of the Mediterranean Squadron. Vice-Admiral Sir Compton E. Domville, at present Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves, is named as his successor, while Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, a former Lord of the Admiralty, will shortly take over the command at Devonport (which includes the Channel and Scilly Isles and Ireland) in succession to Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle. These three appointments will be very popular in the service.

Few of us have any idea of the extent to which the Shakspeare forgeries of Samuel Ireland stirred the London of a century ago. That ingenious youth laid his plans so well and preserved such a sequence in his "discoveries" that for a time even the acutest literary judges were deceived. A curious memento of the rage that ensued may be seen in a long-winded advertisement which appeared in the *Times* on March 26, 1795, which dilated upon the important discoveries made, and announced that subscriptions for the volume containing them were then being received at the figure of four guineas each. Then there followed the



HOW IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES WERE RIDICULED.

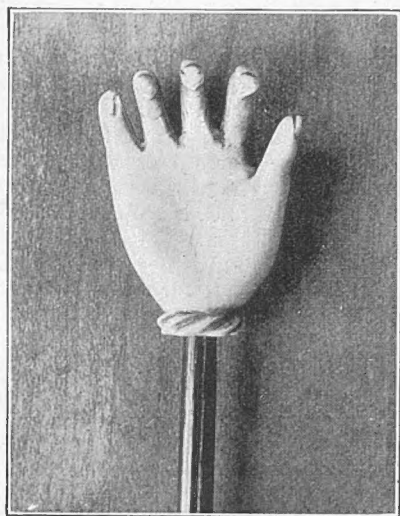
pictorial satire reproduced herewith. From an old chest, bearing the initials of "W. S.," Ireland is handing up a "lock of my dear William's hair," and on the wall there hangs a map of the gold-mines he had unearthed. Under the picture is a set of verses, the opening lines of which read thus—

In a musty old garret somewhere or another
This chest has been found by some person or other,
Yet by whom is a secret that must not be told,
For your mystery puzzles the young and the old;
But the chest being there, the contents you shall see,
Subscribe but four guineas as part of my fee.

There is a certain corner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where hero-worship may be indulged on a wholesale scale. Pass through the great gate, walk east fifty yards or so, stop and turn right-about-face, and over there in the corner to the left are the rooms which once had for tenants Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Macaulay, and William Makepeace Thackeray. Not all this greatness to one set of rooms, please. Newton's windows are those on the first floor to the right, Thackeray's those underneath, Macaulay's those on the opposite side of the doorway. Perhaps Trinity, preening itself upon its mathematical reputation, is prouder of Newton than the rest; perhaps non-collegiate eyes fall with the tenderest glance on the windows through which Thackeray once looked out into the green quadrangle. There seems more human interest about that set of rooms. Thackeray thought they had "as great convenience and comforts as any rooms in college," and on the margin of one of his letters to his loved mother he immortalised them in water-colour at her special request. They will shelter no other novelist or great one in embryo; for some time past they have been thrown into the porter's lodge. Perhaps this is iconoclasm enough; but what shall be said of St. John's College, where Wordsworth's rooms have been demolished merely to add height to one end of the kitchen?

I congratulate the *Girl's Own Paper*, which celebrated its thousandth birthday on Feb. 25. It still leads.

Not long ago a scratch-back of the kind used by John Chinaman in this nineteenth century was illustrated in *The Sketch*. Here is one of the little implements employed by our own ancestors for the very same purpose—ancestresses, it would be more correct to say, for the use of



AN ENGLISH SCRATCH-BACK.

it as dexterously as a Spanish lady does her fan. Many were the styles of scratch-backs to be had, for they were made to suit all purses.

The most costly had handles of solid silver, or of ivory or tortoise-shell silver-mounted, the "business end," generally carved in the shape of a human hand or a bird's claw, being further adorned with the initials or cipher of the owner carved in the ivory. At the other end of the scale came the cheap article made entirely of horn, with a simple three-taloned claw, very roughly modelled, at the end, while that shown here may be taken as a good example of the scratch-back most commonly in use during the last century. The little hand is of ivory, well shaped and carefully carved, and the stick is of plain whalebone some eighteen inches long. Probably it was originally fitted with a knob or ring by which to hang it in the dressing-room or attach it to the belt; but this has disappeared, if it ever existed.

Rehearsals are in full swing for the Hon. Mrs. George Hill-Trevor's forthcoming matinée on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Last year, the matinée given at the Haymarket Theatre was a very big success, resulting in an addition of nearly £200 to the funds. The widows and orphans of the M.F.B. are still in a bad way. The public continues to subscribe thousands of pounds annually to bogus institutions whose emissaries make door-to-door collections or ride gaily through the streets upon dummy engines. The treasurers are keenly conscious that any sequence of deaths, however short, would deplete the treasury, and leave the widows of the men who have sacrificed their lives to fighting the fire fiend with no more than the London County Council's allowance of ten shillings a-week between them and destitution. There is no help for it, and the Brigade can rely only upon the oft-repeated warnings of Judges and magistrates, and upon the assistance of the Press, to ultimately spoil the game of the unauthorised collectors, and to transfer the gifts of a kindly but indiscriminate public to their proper destination, the headquarters of the M.F.B. at Southwark. It is very galling to the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade to know that, while the public cheerfully subscribes between £6000 and £7000 a-year for the benefit of their widows and orphans, no more than £200 finds its way to the coffers of the M.F.B. The rest rewards the discreditable ingenuity of rogues.

The Arum Lily which is here represented was grown at Hotel Como, Portishead, Somersetshire, the centre of what is gradually becoming known as the Riviera of England. It will be observed that Nature, having apparently originally intended to produce a leaf with the flower, changed her mind, and the result is half-leaf, half-flower.

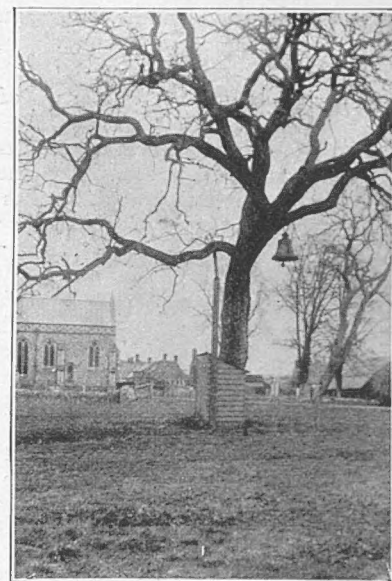


A LILY FREAK.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

off with a highly comic unrehearsed effect, for, quickly following the splendidly done concert, came some lively strains from the 21st Lancers' band. Fondly imagining it to be a waltz, several impatient dancers started off with great agility. But it was nothing of the kind, being, in fact, the Austrian National Anthem! Tableau—great confusion and wishing the parquet floor would yawn and swallow them on the waltzers' part, and some staring and ill-repressed merriment on that of wiser folk. Princess Pless, who was present with her husband, wore a most peculiar gown of mauve mousseline, the bodice adorned with bunches of red and white grapes. Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate, Princess Toussoun, Crookshank Pasha and Mrs. Crookshank, the Marquis and Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, General and Mrs. Talbot, Lady Elwin Palmer, and many others of the Cairene first-flight, were on view. There was also his Highness Prince Hussein, whose palace and gardens are an Arabian Night's dream of splendour and loveliness. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire were also present at this assemblage of up-to-date fair and brave.

The straw hats and parasols that have come into evidence at Cannes since the weather mended its ways rival in brilliance even the flower-market of that pleasant Southern place, and landlords who were looking forward with *tristesse* to a bad season some weeks ago have since plucked up their spirits amazingly. Lord and Lady De La Warr are among those who have been going the giddy round. I saw them dining at the Ladies' Club, that rallying-point *par excellence* of the gay world, some evenings since. Lady Galway, Prince and Princess Orloff, and the Duke of Cambridge were at another table. Vicomte Léon de Janzé, who, with his pretty, well-dressed wife, is an acknowledged centre in the maelstrom of Riviera gaiety, Lady Lacon, Hon. Alfred and Mrs. Mulholland, and the Duc and Duchesse de Bisaccia were also among the diners. Oyster-luncheons at the Arche de Noë have become a great vogue this year—a fashion set, 'tis said, by the Grand Duke Michael, and one certainly sees his smart thoroughbreds occasionally waiting outside. Mr. Archie Tennent's four-in-hand has also halted at this centre of the fashionable moment, and, on her way to the Golf Club, Countess Torby has pulled up her vivid scarlet-lined victoria, in which she often drives her pretty sister, Countess Adda von Merenberg. Sir Henry and Mrs. Keppel are at the Grand, Lord Sidmouth at the Bellevue, and a whole host of notabilities pouring in each day from one part or another of the greatly enlarged radius which we now call "abroad."



A CHURCH-BELL ON A TREE.

It is not a common thing to see a church-bell up a tree, yet, as seen in the picture, taken from a photograph by Mr. Arthur Spencer, one in the parish of Therfield, Herts, occupies this unique position.

Rather more than twenty years ago, the church was rebuilt; altogether, including the rebuilding of the chancel, for which the Rector was responsible, a sum of £5487 was spent on the work. There were not, however, sufficient funds to complete the rebuilding, and the upper portion of the tower and the porch remain unfinished to the present time, about £1000 being required for completion. As there was no belfry in which to place the bells, one was hung on the branch of a large walnut-tree in the Rectory Close, adjoining the churchyard. There it does its duty, calling the people of Therfield to church, and patiently waiting for the time when, through the liberality of friends, it may be removed to a belfry where it will join with its five old companions (now stored away in the church) in a merry peal on their restoration to their proper home.

The third Mrs. Tanqueray has made her appearance. The first Mrs. Tanqueray, you remember, was all marble arms and black velvet, and died for want of heat. The second, I should think, succumbed to too much warmth. The third, Mrs. Bertram Tanqueray, has written a novel called "Hoyes Corney," just published by Messrs. Digby, Long. It is a curious fact that Tanqueray and Grierson are the names of wine-merchants within easy distance of the St. James's and the Haymarket, where Mr. Pinero's and Mr. Esmond's plays were produced. Tanqueray is a rare name, but Grierson is still rarer in London, I fancy. It is a familiar name in Shetland, whence comes Professor Herbert Grierson, who holds the Chair of English in Aberdeen University.

The Bank of France has just engraved some of the new bank-notes which were recently designed by François Flameng. They are extremely artistic, and will be printed in several colours. However, they will not be in circulation for some time, as the Bank is going to keep them in reserve. Probably Flameng will exhibit the design at the next Salon.

Cairo has been plunged to the eyelids in gaiety this year, the last big event being a concert followed by a ball, given under Baron de Heidler Egeregg's auspices at the Savoy Hotel. The latter gaiety started

What a strange place Muscat must be! Mr. John Foster Fraser, who looked it up when cycling round the world, tells me that what he remembers most about the place was its heat. The town is just a mass of higgledy-piggledy, whitewashed, misshapen houses—like a medley of handboxes. The biggest one has green shutters and a maroon balcony, and up above is a blazing red flag. This is the Palace. An arrangement had been made for Mr. Fraser to have an interview. But on the auspicious morning his Majesty developed a big boil on the back of his neck, and cried off. He gets £6000 a-year from the British for kindly doing nothing, and, if you want any favour in the way of concessions, you pave the way, Oriental fashion, by presenting him with a couple of pretty girls.

All elbows are the streets, and so narrow that you have to walk with your hands in your pockets. The Arabs carry villainous swords, four feet long, double-handled—altogether shuddery things. Loose-jawed ruffians from the desert bring in dates by the ton. A month or two before Mr. Fraser was in Muscat, a horde of Bedouins scrambled through the neck of rock behind the town and spent a week cutting throats and pillaging. The Sultan ran to one of the towers with twenty of his ladies. Subsequently he ransomed himself. These towers are like big warts on the arms of rock that push out into the sea. They were built three hundred years ago by the Portuguese. Slave-dhows used to run regularly to Muscat. Now a British gunboat generally hovers about.



THE FORT AT MUSCAT, WHICH ADMIRAL DOUGLAS THREATENED TO SELL.

Half the population are slaves from Zanzibar. There is plenty of slave-carrying yet, generally on vessels flying the French flag. Now and then British war-vessels make a capture.

Mr. Graham Murray, who figured as a cyclist in last week's *Sketch*, is one of the most enthusiastic wheelmen in the House of Commons. If the streets are at all suitable, he takes his "bike" to the House and rides home at midnight. He mounts it on the smooth pavement outside Westminster Hall—not the easiest place which he could select. At the close of last Session he rode to Scotland, visiting a series of friends' houses on the way. There is no other member of the Government nearly so enthusiastic in cycling, except, perhaps, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and he prefers to walk home in the company of a "chum." Mr. Graham Murray has been Lord-Advocate since 1896, and, as the Secretary for



SIR GILBERT GREENALL'S GOLD FLASH (FIRST PRIZE).

Scotland is in the Upper House, he is the chief spokesman of the Scottish Office in the Commons. Indeed, he is the only representative of the Department, as the Solicitor-General (Mr. Scott Dickson) has not a seat. Mr. Graham Murray has a caustic manner. When Mr. Caldwell, the most talkative of Scotchmen, recently complained of a certain document being laid on the table "in dummy," the Lord-Advocate retorted that he would like to put some other things in dummy besides documents! In spite, however, of a sharp tongue, he is not unpopular.

The other day I gave a picture of an Indian religious enthusiast lying on nails. Here is another idealist, who would need to be as hard as nails to withstand the pin-pricks of his creed. He is an old blind Fakir who always sits and sleeps on a bed with large iron nails, points sticking upwards, counting his beads. The white lines on the forehead

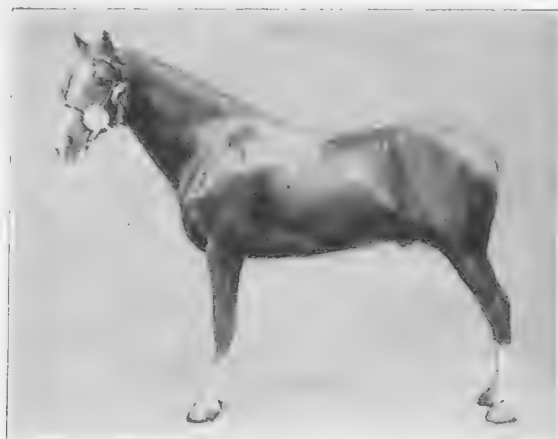


HE SITS ON NAILS BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT WILL SAVE HIS SOUL.

are a badge of his holiness. My correspondent also sends me a picture (which is too dim for reproduction) showing some other Fakirs who cover themselves with sandal-wood powder and yellow ochre. One of them is shown doing penance by holding up his arm, which has become quite stiff and withered and cannot be put down, and the nails on the hand are over an inch long and curled round the fingers.

Among the valuable *objets d'art* which have been bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild in the "Waddesdon Bequest" is the famous "Lyte Jewel," which was presented by James I., as a mark of his royal esteem, to Thomas Lyte, of Lyte's Cary, Somersetshire, who had drawn up a genealogical table of the King, a work which had taken him seven years to complete. This historical jewel consists of an oval miniature of James I. by the celebrated Oliver, surrounded by an open border of diamonds, protected by a grille of gold, which shows the monogram "J. R." in diamonds. The back of the grille, which is hinged on one side, is richly enamelled in red and blue, and the back of the case is enamelled in red and white. It passed out of the Lyte family with one of the daughters in 1747, and at the sale of the Hamilton Collection, when it was purchased by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, realised the extraordinary price of £2835.

No fewer than 496 Hackneys pranced at the Islington Show last week. Some lovely horses were shown, especially in the harness class, for



MR. F. W. BUTTLE'S HACKNEY STALLION, ROSADOR (FIRST PRIZE).

the Hackney has nothing if not good form. Mr. C. E. E. Cooke, Mr. A. E. Evans, and Mr. T. D. Reed were the judges. Altogether the show was a great success.

The *Golfer's Magazine*, at threepence, is being admirably turned out. It is well printed and edited with care. The *Polo Magazine*, edited by Major Herbert, is more technical, but appeals much less to its select audience.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in taking part in the discussion which Mr. Walter Besant's "The Pen and the Book" has occasioned, made the fact known the other day that he does his own business direct, and without any intermediary, with printers, paper-makers, and binders. Regarding the symmetry of a page—the character of type for head-line and folio, the fount used for the work, and the spacing or "white" lines—the philosopher has ideas of his own, so that the printer, at all events, is somewhat of Carlyle's opinion when, alluding to Mr. Herbert Spencer—an authoritative biography of whom, by the way, is now in progress—in a conversation with Dr. John Beattie Crozier, he exclaimed, "Ye'll get little good out of him, young man." Here is a copy of an autograph postcard of Mr. Spencer's conveying instructions to his printer regarding a work of his in progress—

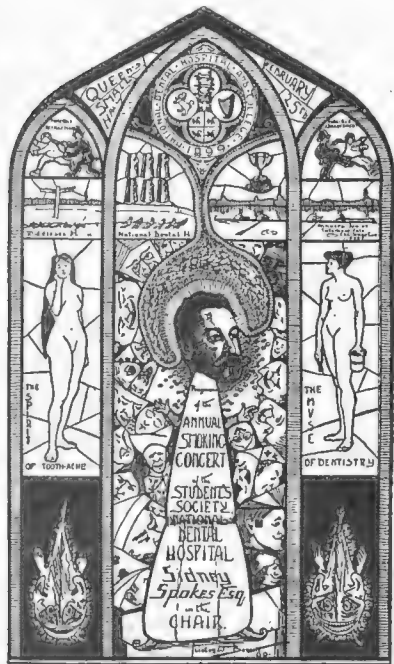
In making up into pages the —, avoid sundry things which I dislike: 1. The divisions between sections must on no account correspond with the endings or beginnings of pages. 2. I dislike, also, to have paragraphs beginning or ending with pages. 3. I disapprove entirely of the space habitually left between text and extracts. There must be no more space than between two lines of text.

It will thus be apparent that Mr. Herbert Spencer is as particular regarding the style of his page as, though in a very different manner, Mr. Ruskin was.

The fact that Sir Herbert Maxwell, who has represented Wigtownshire in Parliament for close upon two decades, has published some fifteen works during the last twelve years, entitles him to the honour of being considered one of the most industrious *littérateurs* in the present House of Commons. Sir Herbert has a claim, moreover, to be regarded as one of the most versatile of our legislator-authors, for in the number mentioned are included works of romance, history, biography, topography, and *belles lettres*. The Right Hon. Member for Wigtownshire

was, by the way, considerably over forty before he gave his first work—"Studies in the Topography of Galloway"—to the world in 1887; he was, it should not be forgotten, responsible for the "Life of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith," and he is now busily engaged upon a biography of Wellington. Sir Herbert paints as well as writes, and, besides the attention he gives to gardening, which is a hobby with him, he numbers among his recreations archaeological research, botanising, trout-fishing, and cycling.

This picture needs no explanation. It formed the front of the programme of the smoking concert held the other day by the students of the Dental Hospital. Of course, there is no reason why a tooth-drawer should not be a drawer of another kind.



A TOOTH-DRAWER'S DRAWING.

Mr. Akers-Douglas has at last found a resting-place for two of the three paintings which for some months past have been hanging in Committee Room No. 10 at the House of Commons, in order that they might be inspected by Members of Parliament and others interested in work of this kind. The subjects of these fine old canvases, which are of enormous size, are "Alfred Inciting the Britons to Resist the Landing of the Danes," by Mr. Watts, R.A.; "The Burial of Harold," from the brush of Mr. Pickersgill; and "The Pardon of Bertrand by Richard Cœur de Lion," by Mr. Cross. The first two of these have now been suitably framed and placed at either end of this spacious apartment, where they have been greatly admired since the opening of the House. The career of these pictures has been a somewhat eventful one. They were all executed many years ago at the request of the Fine Arts Commission, in which the Prince Consort (the Chairman) evinced so deep an interest, and were designed for the decoration of the panels of the Houses of Parliament. Instead, however, they were placed in the old Smoking Room at the House of Commons, and, when that was converted into an additional dining-room some years ago, they were stowed away and were not again brought to light until, like the beautiful tapestries now in the Foreign Office, which Lord Rosebery unearthed in Downing Street in the course of his last *régime*, they were discovered by the merest possible chance. Visitors to Old Palace Yard will remember that the subject of the third picture, "The Pardon of Bertrand," for which no place has yet been found, is depicted in bronze on one of the panels which adorn the pediment of the mammoth statue of Richard Cœur de Lion in that thoroughfare.

The man who wrote "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green" has just died. I confess I was very much surprised when I heard the news, for I thought he had gone years ago. He was Fred French, a Leeds publican, who once had a reputation as a singer. At the old Canterbury he was a great favourite, and was contemporary with

Wallett, the Queen's Jester; Harry Clifton, Arthur Lloyd, "Champagne Charlie" (George Leybourne), and others whose names are now mere memories. French was also a tragedian of no mean ability, and essayed many Shaksperian characters. He also played the part of Don César de Bazan with great success, and frequently appeared at the old Theatre Royal, Leeds. As host of the Grantham Arms, in that city, his company was sought by many of the older "professionals" when touring through the town. He was in his sixty-ninth year.



THE MAN WHO WROTE "PRETTY POLLY PERKINS."

Photo by Burne, Glasgow.

art. The Elysée, with its garden, runs from the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré through to the avenue of the Elysée, with a narrow street on each side, and from the tall houses of these streets a thousand curious eyes may look down on whatever goes on within. It is impossible to be out of the neighbours' gaze.

Æsthetically, the Elysée is far from being one of the most desirable among the noble dwellings of Paris. Two storeys high, it is capped with that architectural absurdity, a mansard; it is broken on the garden side into three projections, a central mass, and two small wings so little harmonious that they look as if put up in a hurry to accommodate some unexpected family increase, and the architectural confusion is still further added to by a ball-room, one storey high, that has been built on between the left wing and the centre, and that projects awkwardly forward of both. The garden has been treated with the marvellous art by which Parisians change a small space between houses into the semblance of a vast country park, and is in miniature hills and vales, with a lake and rustic bridge and shadowing trees; but it is bare of sculpture, and has the look of being haunted rather by Goblins than by Dryads.

Twice within four years Paris has seen the ball-room turned into a mortuary chapel. Carnot has lain there, and Félix Faure has lain there, and this generation will hardly enter it again without expecting to see black draperies and nuns mumbling their prayers. The tree that hangs over the pond in the garden looks forlorn and tragic. No, it is far from being the most desirable residence in Paris, and the Czar Nicholas was quite right when, after a visit there, he expressed his surprise that a Government disposing of so many palaces should house its chief so badly. But in the present state of French politics, no President would dream of being critical as to the roof that covers his head.

Cape Town enjoys a certain distinction in respect to the height of its constables: Police-constable Andrews is a veritable giant. His standard is 6 ft. 8½ in., and he is said to be the tallest policeman in South Africa. Police-constable Lang figures next with 6 ft. 4½ in. There are five men ranging from 6 ft. 3 in. to 6 ft. 4 in., three men between 6 ft. 2 in. and 6 ft. 3 in., twelve men from 6 ft. 1 in. to 6 ft. 2 in., and seventeen between 6 ft. and 6 ft. 1 in.



MISS BLANCHE DOYLE IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

Why shouldn't I have a children's page? This week I remedy that defect—if defect it be—by dealing with some clever little folk who can play, and write, and act. Miss Maud Sinclair Hind is my pianist. She is just sixteen, and is the daughter of the Vicar of St. Barnabas, Holloway. She gained the medal for pianoforte-solo at the Eisteddfod Caerludd, in the Queen's Hall, and, with her sister, Miss Ethel Sinclair Hind (fourteen), secured that for pianoforte duet. Both these girls passed for the Senior Certificate of the Associated Board, Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, at the early age of twelve, and, two years later, for the Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music. Since their first appearance at a public concert, when only seven and five, they have raised by their musical talents between £200 and £300 for various charities. They are pupils of Mr. Tobias Matthay, Fellow and Examiner of the Royal Academy of Music, and students of the Princess Helena College, Ealing.

And now for my writer. I have before me a volume of verse by Miss Cicely Fox Smith, who is just sixteen. I hear that the poetry of Empire is essentially a man's art, and yet Miss Fox Smith's volume, "Songs of Greater Britain," published by Sherratt and Hughes, of Manchester, tells of the Empire's doings. Here and there the metre is crude, once the grammar is at fault, but there is a cheery freshness and a fine swing about most of the verses. There is, too, a touch of individuality which lifts the work far above mere imitation. Here is a taste of Miss Smith's quality from "Our Country"—

The sweep of English uplands,
The sign of English trees,
The laugh of English rivers,
Or breath of English breeze;
The scent of purple clover
Off English meadows blown—

These, these to me are dearest,
For they are England's own.
Others, in search of beauty,
May roam o'er land and sea;
But the land, the land of England,
Our own dear isle for me!

Last of all I come to little actors. A most successful series of entertainments, consisting of scenes adapted from "Alice in Wonderland," was recently given in the Gymnasium of Bowdon College, Cheshire, in



A VICAR'S DAUGHTER WHO HELPS CHARITIES BY HER SKILL
AS A PIANIST.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

aid of the Children's League of Pity, which is £50 the richer for it. The adaptation, by Miss Hutchings, of Bowdon, was made in so skilful a manner, and with such a regard for the original, that the delightful humour of Lewis Carroll has, perhaps, never been more thoroughly appreciated than by the crowded audiences which witnessed the performances. The characters were entirely represented by children, the majority of whom were members of the above-mentioned League. So admirably had these children been rehearsed, and so thoroughly and with such enjoyment did they themselves enter into the spirit of the piece, that, all having acquitted themselves so well, it is difficult to make special mention of any. Just a little word, however, must be said for the Alice of Miss Dorothy Newton, who sustained her long part admirably. The costumes were designed with great care and taste. The scenery was painted by Mr. Ernest Howlett, who stage-managed the production. On the opposite page I give a picture of Miss Blanche Doyle, who figures in the Opéra Comique production of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece.

The members of the British Ornithologists' Union occupied themselves the other night with a subject on which *The Sketch* has thrown light from time to time—curious nests, to wit. The heron's nest made of wire whose photograph appeared in these columns in March last was shown, among other curiosities. I have come to the conclusion that, singular as abnormal nests may be, there are none so extraordinary as Nature's own curiosities. The *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society recently gave an account of the discovery of the young Malabar Rufous Woodpecker in the nest of a colony of black ants. These ants build a large nest, resembling a sponge, in a tree, and in these nests the Rufous Woodpeckers deposit their eggs and hatch out their young. Observation leaves no doubt whatever but that this singular choice of nesting site is made by the parent birds with the view of providing the young nestlings with a convenient supply of insect-food, for the baby woodpeckers have been watched vigorously devouring the lawful owners of the premises, the black ants.



CHILDREN IMPERSONATING "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARSONS, ALTRINCHAM.

One of the most interesting of the side-shows at Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's is Mr. Baker's performing pigs. He has four pigs, and has named them "Black Diamond," "Tommy," "Dewey," and "The Missing Link." The first is about fourteen months old, and Mr. Baker informs me that it can arrange any ordinary combination of figures, tell time, and calculate interest. If you tell Black Diamond what amount of money you have in the bank, he will give you the amount of interest that will accrue for one day up to ten years. He can also tell the time by a watch or the difference in the time of any two watches. He is a Berkshire, and, I would say, a very remarkable one, and, doubtless, he would fetch a good price if put up to auction. The second is an expert gambler, playing all the various games of cards. If you throw down a pack of cards before him and call for any particular one, he will turn them over until he comes to the required card. This accomplished creature is about twelve months old, and is a Jersey Grey. He is in great demand for "At Homes."

The third is a musician, and he is known as a "razor-back," and is considered a very fast sprinter. The most remarkable of this quartette is the Missing Link, so named because of his extraordinary brain-power. He can play anything you wish on a single octave. He is not limited to one instrument, although he usually performs with musical bells. I might give Mr. Baker's own account of this prodigy. It is as follows—

I arrange his instrument in front of him, with an attachment connected with the bells, or keys, as the case may be, so that, by pulling the attachment, it causes a vibration and produces the note desired. I then attach a number to each note from 1 to 8, and, when I want him to play any desired air, I call the numbers that produce it. For instance, numbers 1, 2, 3, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 1, 2, 3, 5, 3, 2, 1, play the first bars of "The Last Rose of Summer," and thus any ordinary air can be performed in the same way. What has surprised me most is his wonderful memory and distinguishing power. If I change a bell in the scale, he recognises it as quickly as I do. If he is running up the scale with a misplaced note in it, he will stop when he comes to it and try it over again.

Other instances could be given of his remarkable powers. The proprietor of these wonderful pigs was born in Pennsylvania, and he has studied and taught animals for forty years.

It is good to see the cause of "vanishing game" in Africa taken up in the House of Commons by a member of Sir Edward Grey's standing; better still to learn that it is proposed during the spring to hold an International Conference in London on the subject of protection for rare animals and birds in Africa. Any measures which are devised must be the joint work of all the Powers with a stake in the country, but it is one thing to form laws or regulations and quite another to carry them into effect. It does not seem to be generally known that for nearly two years "Game Regulations," protecting more especially the elephant, giraffe, and rhinoceros, have been in existence in Nyassaland, British Central Africa, and in British East Africa. Under these regulations every white man must take out a licence costing £25 before he can shoot one of the three animals named, and for that sum—in East Africa—he may kill two of each species, if he can, within the year for which his licence is available.

It is sad to see these interesting creatures disappear, but we must recognise that we cannot colonise large areas of Africa and at the same

time keep up the head of large game. Only a few months ago the last surviving hippopotami in British South Africa were sacrificed on the altar of commercial industry; the herd, which had been jealously preserved, wrought frightful mischief in the neighbouring sugar



A MUSICAL PIG AT BARNUM'S.
Photo by Letuch and Carlin, Philadelphia.

plantations, and, as the Government could not see its way to a hippopotamus-proof fence costing £750, the choice lay between the extinction of the sugar industry in the neighbourhood or that of the hippos; and the hippos it was that died. The only feasible policy of preservation is the creation at once of large natural reserves or sanctuaries; and it all depends upon the skill and discretion with which these sanctuaries are selected whether posterity will be able to respect them or not.

To the manifold interests that present themselves to the Metropolitan pedestrian has to be added just now the spectacle presented by the flock of gulls that frequent the river between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. Of late the number of these annual visitants to the Thames has—owing, no doubt, to the wintry weather—been considerably augmented, and so tame have these birds become that they approach quite close to the hand ready to throw to them a piece of bread from the parapet of Blackfriars Bridge. There, of a morning, when the tide is not too low, the curvettings of the gulls and their contests for the spoil attract much attention.

Few things give you a better idea of the infinite variety of London than to watch the transformation of the West-End after half-past twelve at night. One hour the whole place seethes with life—people hurrying from the theatres in 'buses, broughams, and hansoms; the next, the water-cart and the great, lumbering waggons come trundling through its empty, silent streets, piled up with the fruits of the earth for Covent Garden Market—

When the Continental closes
And the Restaurants are blank,
When the weary cabby dozes
In his hansom on the rank,
When the frost begins to harden
And the lamp o' life runs down,
Oh the carts for Covent Garden
Come a-trundling into town!
There's the drowsy driver nodding,
As he idly holds the reins
Of the patient horses plodding
To the clanking of their chains,
And the latest 'bus to Putney,
Which you cannot get to stop,
Flouts the cabbage which (with chutney)
Will appear upon your chop.

Pale the arts of Piccadilly
As the heavy-laden dray
Brings the scent of rose and lily
From a garden far away,
Where the workers all are dreaming
Ere the stars have scarce come out,
When my London Town is streaming
To the playhouse and the rout.

Oh the carts of Covent Garden,
Which the flying hansoms scorn,
Bring the very breath of Arden
To my London every morn!
I forget the glare and scramble,
And the hurry and the press,
As I watch those waggons ramble
With their cabbages and cress.



A PIG THAT GAMBLES AT BARNUM'S.
Photo by White, New York.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



Mr. Julian Ralph has written a capital article on "English Characteristics" for the current number of *Harper's*. He declares—

In England you can trace caste from the sorrowing lady on the throne to the top-hat and long coat of the simplest gentleman in the West-End, or the same hat and short coat of the humblest clerk in the City. From top to bottom, the English love it all. Let no one humbug my reader with the assertion (born of our republican wishes) that the lines of caste grow looser, or that monarchy is under a death-sentence in England. The youngest, most sheltered oak in that land is not as firmly rooted nor as sure of a long existence.

I was greatly interested in this declaration, because I had just been going through some new books dealing with the subject. To begin with, there is "The Right to Bear Arms," by "X," who, of course, is Mr. Fox-Davies, the compiler of the great book on "Armorial Families" which was reviewed in these columns the other day. "X" is at once cynical and serious. No man need pose as a "gentleman" (in other than the "Exeter Hall sense"); but if he does, he must be able to prove his claim to bear arms to the College of Heralds. That is "X's" creed in a nutshell, and it seems to me extremely reasonable. The attitude of the public in the case of the convict Davies, who forged Colonel Shipway's pedigree, is practically a proof that there is a strong desire for Truth in the matter of ancestry. The Shipway case has just been retold in minute detail by Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, the well-known antiquary of Essex Street, in a shilling pamphlet, entitled "The Principal Genealogical Specialist," and it makes curious reading.

Mr. Ralph is right. You have only to consider the multiplication of Peerages to see that. The expensive "Burke," not always reliable; the more punctilious "Debrett," which is unsurpassed for its treatment of collateral branches of families; and old Lodge (whose place I can never make out), have now young rivals in the field within the reach of every pocket, like "Whitaker's Titled Persons." This book is admirably done, and the present edition is even better than its predecessor. The list of family seats at the end makes the book encroach on "Walford's County Families," which has again made its appearance.

And yet there is something missing in all the Peerages (with the exception of "G. E. C.'s" monumental work, to which I shall refer), the disposition being to treat a peer as an official puppet instead of a human person. Take, for instance, the Duke of Argyll. The Peerages will tell you that he is Lord-Lieutenant of his county, Privy Councillor, and so on—which is almost obvious: but I am compelled to turn to "Who's Who" to learn that he is a man of letters.

Again, I search in vain for the fact that Lord Curzon of Kedleston has been a great traveller, and so on. In the Peerages he is but a simple puppet draped with official dignities. I make an exception for "G. E. C.," whom I congratulate on the completion of his monumental work, "The



THE HON. MISS POULETT.

Complete Peerage." This wonderful book was begun in 1884, and it has taken fourteen years to bring the eight volumes (totalling 3622 pages) to an end. "G. E. C." deals with the extant, extinct, and dormant peerages of England, of Scotland, of Ireland, of Great Britain, and of the United Kingdom—all different—briefly biographing the holders of each title without giving descents. He has wit and humour, so that his book is the reverse of dull. It would be impossible for me to overpraise this extraordinary achievement, which represents a lifetime of labour and can scarce be improved on. Mr. Cockayne (for that is "G. E. C.'s" name) is Clarenceux Herald, is seventy-four years old, and has been in the College of Heralds for forty years. It must be a delightful thing to undertake a great work and live to finish it.

Never was genealogy so popular; for it is now being journalised to an unprecedented extent. Think of the elaborate treatment of the Poulett Case by every newspaper, from the *Evening News* and *Echo* to the *Times* itself. And now Madame Tussaud has got the original organ which Hinton used to play, and has set up his lordship in wax before it. The *Daily Mail* cannot be considered old-fashioned, and yet scarce a week passes without its going into some peerage claim, the latest being the Earldom of Buchan and the Barony of Stafford.

I have another proof of this before me in the shape of a pamphlet entitled "The Record of the Winter and Summer Meetings, 1897-8," of the Upper Norwood Athenæum, which flourishes under the motto *Retinens Vestigia Famæ*. The Athenæum, which celebrated its majority last year, is practically a society of tourists (mostly in the Norwood district), who make little excursions on Saturdays to places of historic interest, one of the members acting as cicerone, and his description being printed in the annual Record. Last year, for instance, the members visited Whitehall Palace, Clarendon Palace, Leigh (pronounced "Li") Place, Peterborough Cathedral, and so on. These reports, carefully edited by Mr. Joseph Stanley and Mr. W. F. Harradence, and well illustrated, are of much value. The Athenæum practises a very admirable way of "squandering its useful leisure," as Cayley Drummle would say. I wish it all success.



THE RIVAL HEIR OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER TO THE EARLDOM OF POULETT.

From Photographs by Mr. Charles.



THE ORGAN-GRINDING VISCOUNT HINTON MODELLED IN WAX AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PIANO-ORGAN WHICH HIS LORDSHIP WHEELED ABOUT LONDON FOR YEARS.

AGUINALDO, THE YOUNG FILIPINO WHO IS FIGHTING THE UNITED STATES.

In electing to take up the white man's burden of civilising and reforming embryonic or decadent countries, America has chosen a labour which may prove extremely costly in blood and treasure, and be disappointing in its results. In Cuba, the people are quite submissive to the authority of the United States, and have already begun to taste the sweets of liberty and order, of security and justice, under the healthy Anglo-Saxon régime. But it is not so with their new possessions in the Far East. The Philippine Islands are not yet conquered, and the hard battle fought on Feb. 3 may prove to have been the initial conflict of a long and disastrous campaign. In Luzon there are something like forty thousand natives under arms, ready to follow whithersoever their captains shall lead them. They are execrably armed, it is true, but they are all infused with a desire to establish the freedom of their country, and if, for this end, their leaders bid them take to the hills and the forests to adopt guerilla tactics, there is no telling how long the struggle may last.

It is in Emilio Aguinaldo, a clever, ambitious, and strong-willed young man of about thirty years of age, that the Filipinos place their hopes of ultimate liberty and security, whether it be by annexation or by complete independence. They look upon him as the one man who can rule them and lead them out of their troubles. They say, "He is of our land and our blood. He is the bravest of the brave; have we not seen it in the field? He is a born General, for has he not commanded us? In him we have faith." That is how Aguinaldo is regarded by his countrymen. He possesses a certain personal magnetism which at once reduces into obedience and fires into enthusiasm every native with whom he comes in contact. He knows thoroughly the people he commands, and plays upon their feelings accordingly. He possesses a rough eloquence which, to the Filipinos, seems to be a direct gift from the gods, and when he speaks he never fails to incite them to enthusiasm.

The Filipino leader is of mixed Spanish and native blood, the son of a planter at Cavité. His father determined to give him the best education possible, and so sent him to the University at Manila, but the boy made little progress there. He next entered the Jesuit College in the same city, and there received the better part of his education. He seems, however, not to have cared over-much for a studious life, but to have leaned towards an active one, and, a few years later, he enlisted in the Spanish Army as a petty officer.

While on a visit to Silang, a little place a few miles outside Manila, he met with an experience which, it is said, changed the whole course of his life, and turned him from a loyal and promising officer of the Spanish Army into a hater of the Government and a conspirator for its overthrow. The power of the friars over the populace of the Philippines under the Spanish rule was nothing short of scandalous. The tyranny of the Church was far worse than the oppression of the State. A native at that time would far rather incur the anger of an officer of the soldiery or the Government than receive even a black look from a friar. It was Aguinaldo's fate to come into violent contact with this priesthood, and his spirit cost him dear. A religious procession was taking place in the streets of Silang, and as the priests passed along, bearing aloft their gorgeous banners and an image of Christ, the people on each side of the road dropped on their knees and touched the ground with their heads at the imperious bidding of a priest. This Aguinaldo refused to do. A scene ensued; the priest was determined, the lad defiant; but he had to submit to force, and was marched off to the lock-up. The next morning he was arraigned before the village tribunal, and sentenced to perpetual banishment from Silang. In itself this does not seem such a severe sentence—to be exiled from one village; but the penalty carried with it the malice of the feared and hated friars, and from that day Aguinaldo became a marked man. No one cared to be seen with him, and his life was a misery. The injustice of it all embittered his soul, and he threw up his commission in the army and left the country for Hong-Kong.

While in the British settlement he made good use of his time. He studied at the Victoria College, mastered several languages, and dabbled in science. He also read many works on military matters, and the lives of great commanders. He gained a good bit of practical military knowledge while there by attending the drills and parades of the British forces.

He followed keenly the methods of the British drill-instructors, and it is said he crossed the border and served for a time in a Chinese regiment. He is next reported to have taken service in the Chinese Navy, and to have consorted freely with European soldiers and sailors with a view to increasing his knowledge of military affairs.

From this time on his movements are a little more certain. He was now in his twenty-seventh year, or thereabouts, and anxious to take an active part in affairs. Dr. José Rizal's secret society for the overthrow of the Spanish and the establishment of a Philippine Republic was at this time mooted, and gave him the opportunity he desired. He crossed over from Hong-Kong, and became Rizal's most trusty lieutenant and ardent supporter. When Dr. Rizal met with his tragic end, Aguinaldo was also suspected, and a Spanish officer, with a squad of native troops, was sent to arrest him. While the Spaniard was reading the warrant, Aguinaldo promptly blew his brains out, and called on the troopers to fly with him. They needed little persuasion.

It would have been more than their lives were worth to have gone back without the officer, so they hurried with Aguinaldo to the mountains, where they were soon joined by thousands of sympathisers. This was the rebellion of 1896, which the Spanish Government barely succeeded in suppressing. At the latter end of 1897, General Primo Rivera was appointed Governor-General, with authority to institute reforms. Aguinaldo received a large sum of money—ostensibly for the purpose of educating the sons of the executed Philippine leaders, but which he reserved for emergencies—a full amnesty was granted, and he left for Hong-Kong, the headquarters of the Philippine Junta, to watch events. With characteristic treachery, the Spaniards broke every promise they had made regarding reforms, and, instead, mercilessly hunted and shot all who had taken part in the rebellion. The people, goaded into a desperate frenzy by their cruel wrongs and the heartless trickery practised on them, were again ripe for rebellion, when Dewey appeared and delivered his crushing blow at the Spanish power.

This was Aguinaldo's opportunity. With the money he had in reserve he bought arms and ammunition and crossed over to the islands. An enthusiastic welcome awaited him. The people flocked to him and placed themselves unreservedly in his hands. Within a week or so of landing he had fifty thousand natives under his command. Even with the munitions of war supplied by his American allies, he could arm only about five per cent. of his followers with modern accoutrements, the remainder using bows and arrows or whatever weapons they could find. With this badly equipped and ill-organised following he took the field against the Spanish, and his soldiers, ablaze with the enthusiasm which their leader inspired, fought desperately and took town after town. After a while, the whole island of Luzon, with the exception of the towns of Cavité and Manila, was in his hands. On Sept. 15 of last year, a meeting of the insurgents was held at Malagos to petition

the American Government to recognise the independence of the Philippines, with Aguinaldo as President, the United States to exercise a suzerainty only in external affairs.

Since then the "Philippine Patriot" and "modern Napoleon," as his admirers call him, has been busy planning for the independence of the islands. He has had representatives at Washington and at Paris during the Peace negotiations, reporting to him daily the state of affairs. Twice Agoncillo, his agent in the American capital, tried to get the United States Government to receive him, but he failed, and fled to Canada on the outbreak of hostilities, of which he was forewarned.

Aguinaldo owes his position to his personality. Of medium height, yet lithe and strong, he possesses an intelligent face, made striking by its peculiar light-brown complexion and a pair of jet-black, intensely piercing eyes. He dresses neatly, has a good carriage, a firm step, and always holds his head erect. Whatever emotions he may feel he hides under an impassive countenance and a quick yet deliberate manner. In debate he is direct, terse, and convincing, and in harangue overwhelming. He possesses the unbounded confidence of the people, and, although a big price was set on his head, no attempt was ever made upon his life, which, considering the characteristics of the race he controls, speaks volumes for his popularity.



PRESIDENT AGUINALDO.

THE STRANGE CRISIS IN SAMOA.



The troubles of Samoa, which R. L. Stevenson grew eloquent over, broke out on the last day of 1898 in connection with the Kingship of the island. Tanu was chosen, and some of the rebel Chiefs threatened to kill the Chief Justice, Mr. W. L. Chambers, an American citizen, and his family. He appealed to the three Treaty Powers, and the British and American Consuls responded by hoisting their respective flags. The German, however, although he sent a flag, pleaded that he was unable to defend it, as the Captain of the "Falke" said it would require a hundred men, and he could not land that number. On behalf of the two former Powers, Captain Sturdee, of H.M.S. "Porpoise," landed twenty-four seamen under Lieutenant Gaunt, who sandbagged the verandahs, &c; and, although threatened by the rebels in force, succeeded in bringing the Chief Justice and family, together with valuable papers, into safety on New Year's Day. Directly Lieutenant Gaunt and his party arrived in Apia with the Chief Justice, they were reinforced by twenty-four men, and barricaded the Mission Station as a refuge for all British and American subjects; over six hundred women and children, besides many men, the King Tanu, High Chiefs of the defeated party, and many wounded men taking shelter. The Captain of the German cruiser



and one of his Lieutenants, being caught ashore when the fighting started in the streets, were also obliged to take up a position behind Lieutenant Gaunt's bluejackets when the firing was heaviest. After darkness set in, as there was grave danger of the King being assassinated by some fanatical native in the building, it was decided to try and take him aboard the "Porpoise," lying close to the pier, which was about a quarter of a mile from the Mission. Accordingly, dressing the King in a coolie's loincloth only, and taking off his own accoutrements, with the exception of his revolver, Mr. Gaunt started with him for the pier. As far as the edge of the Mission Grounds they were fairly well sheltered and safe except for a cross-fire that swept the garden, but once in the street and actually among the firing line, it only wanted one of the warriors to recognise the King to have given the adventure a very tragic termination. Fortunately, the warriors were so busy firing that the couple reached the pier, after several narrow shaves, only to find no boat. However, two of the English residents had succeeded in getting a boat, but without oars, in which they managed to paddle the King off to the "Porpoise" and safety. At the time the photograph of the guard was taken in the verandah of the Mission, they had been lying down under fire for the whole of the preceding night.

ALL ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS.

Mr. Edwin Streeter is a master in his profession. That is made clearer than ever by the fact that his fascinating book on "Precious Stones and Gems" has just entered its sixth edition, for it is a standard work, and, after careful revision, it may well claim to give a unique



CRADLING FOR GOLD.

amount of scientific and practical information. The world's history gleams and flashes with the poetry and romance which radiate from precious stones. From earliest times they have excited man's admiration, his awe, and his cupidity. Ancient writers seem to have dwelt chiefly on their occult virtues, and very quaint are the superstitions which they associate with the minerals known to them. Onomacritus, a priest and founder of Hellenic mysteries, B.C. 500, in speaking of the crystal, once said that "whoso goes into the Temple with this in his hand may be quite sure of having his prayer granted, as the gods cannot withstand its power." The Romans were at one period very extravagant in their use of gems, for, according to Pliny, they drank out of a mass of gems, and their drinking-vessels were formed of emeralds. Constantine was the first Sovereign who luxuriated in a gemmed crown.

Mr. Streeter starts with the diamond, and yet it ranks but third in point of value, precedence being taken by the pearl and the Burma ruby. This is due, of course, to the great abundance of the diamond since the development of the South African mines. As regards beauty, however, few will deny it an easy first. Hardness is the best test of the genuineness of this stone. If a mineral cannot be cut by a ruby or a sapphire, it must be a diamond. One of the remarkable optical characters of the diamond is its transparency to the X-rays, which, on the other hand, it appears, render the glass of imitation diamonds almost opaque. In Brazil the laws against smuggling of diamonds are very stringent, and ingenious methods are sometimes adopted by the natives to evade them. A curious but pretty reward of honesty is recorded. If a native finds a large stone, he is covered with a wreath of flowers and led in a procession to the manager, and, at one time, his freedom was then secured. A reward of a more practical if less poetic nature is granted in the case where an eight- or ten-carat diamond is discovered—the finder receives two new shirts, a suit of clothes, a hat, and a handsome knife. The discovery of these stones in Brazil in 1746 proved a great curse to the poor natives. They were driven from their homes, and often deprived of their possessions, to make room for the rush of treasure-seekers. At first, so plentiful were Brazilian diamonds that, after a heavy shower of rain, children would find them in the streets, and the poultry, unlike the prudent and discriminating cock of Æsop fame, swallowed them wholesale in picking up their food.

The ruby stands supreme among coloured stones, and, owing to its rarity, is sometimes worth ten times the value of an ordinary white diamond. A dark species of ruby is found in Siam, a pale-tinted kind in Ceylon, but the true "pigeon-blood" ruby is yielded only by the famous mines of Burma. Until the year 1886 this land of rubies was practically unknown to us Europeans. Since then various scientific explorers have "lifted the veil of mystery" which enshrouded this famous country. The most effective expedition was that conducted by the author's son, Mr. George Skelton Streeter. With the permission of the Government, who granted him the assistance of a military force, he formed one of the three explorers in a romantic expedition into the interior of Burma. The country was developed by these men at great personal discomfort, and even peril, for an organised resistance was made by the hill tribes, and some people in this country doubted the motives of the explorers. Their efforts resulted in the formation of the "Burma Ruby-Mines."

The sapphire is (although it may sound somewhat paradoxical) a species of blue ruby, the formation of these stones being identical. A really flawless emerald is very rare. The richest emerald-mines in the world are those of Colombia, but the earliest-known emeralds were those of Egypt, the "land of fair emeralds." Cleopatra often bestowed as presents to ambassadors emeralds with her portrait engraved. There is a pretty Russian proverb which says, "A turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune." The Shah of Persia is reputed to possess the finest turquoise in the world.

I cannot here mention all the precious stones of which the author gives a mass of interesting information. Their very names are unfamiliar to most people, such as sphene, spodumene, tourmaline, rhodonite, &c. The opal, lapis-lazuli, and amethyst deserve recognition because of their beauty. The onyx was at one time greatly prized. The Greeks attached a mythological origin to this stone. Cupid with the sharp point of his arrow cut the nails of the sleeping Venus; the shreds fell into the Indus, but, as they were of heavenly origin, sank, and became metamorphosed into onyx.

It seems that a precious stone cannot properly be dignified by the title of gem until it has been cut and polished. It is the optical character of precious stones that distinguishes the real from imitation. Among other questions that the author suggests the intending purchaser should ask himself in the selection of stones is this striking one: Are the stones like dewdrops hanging from a damask rose-leaf? Mr. Streeter has added immensely to the value of his book (which is published by Messrs. Bell) by illustrating the stones he writes of in their natural colours.

E. K.

GOLD-SEEKERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Gold-hunters employ many ways of securing the precious metal, and in a number of these water plays the most important part. On many of the New Zealand fields hydraulic sluicing is largely employed. Water is brought in from a high level at a distance, and gradually compressed in iron pipes till it reaches the nozzle, about eight inches across. This mass of water, from a sort of enlarged fire-hose, is directed at the face of the hill which contains the gold. It strikes with tremendous force, and the dirt and stones are washed into the tail-race, which can be seen in the foreground. This is paved on the bottom with blocks of wood, and in the spaces between the blocks the gold and the heavier fine dirt is caught. The dirt which contains the gold is at intervals collected and subjected to further processes, till at last nothing but the pure gold remains, frequently in very fine powder. The roar of the water and boulders rushing down the tail-race may be heard for miles.

One of the most primitive ways of securing gold is by the use of the cradle. This is generally worked by one man, working alone. As its name implies, the cradle is not unlike the old family necessity, being of rectangular shape, on rockers. One end is open, and at the other is an upright handle. On the top of the box is a tray with sieve-bottom. The miner takes a few shovelfuls of gold-bearing earth and throws it on



THE PADDOCK OF A SLUICING CLAIM.

the sieve, then, lifting a supply of water in an old meat-tin with a stick for a handle, he pours it on the mass, rocking vigorously the while. In a few moments the fine dirt passes through the sieve into the lower part. Here the gold is caught, and the mud and shingle pass away with the water. At the end of the day the dirt is washed up in a tin.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S "FOUDROYANT."

The day has not yet dawned when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," as even the steadfast and enthusiastic champion of the Peace Crusade will admit. However, here and there we see this vision of Isaiah being fulfilled, almost to the



A CHAIR MADE FOR LADY ABERCROMBY OUT OF THE "FOUDROYANT'S" OAK.

letter. A case in point is that of Nelson's old flagship, the *Foudroyant*. It may be remembered that this, one of the oldest of England's oaken bulwarks, was wrecked at Blackpool, in June of 1897, and became a sheer hulk during the great storm of the following November. Mr. G. Wheatley Cobb, of Caldecott Castle, Chepstow, who bought her for exhibition purposes, and thus saved her from the hands of German ship-breakers, sold the wreck to the man who broke up the *Great Eastern*, and whilst he was engaged in blowing her to bits, a local company was formed, and they bought up all the wood and the copper remnants. The result of their efforts has been wonderful, for the hulk of the old man-o-war has been converted into relics, useful and ornamental, which have found

a home in all parts of the country. The tons of copper bolts and sheathing, which were very valuable, were sent to Birmingham, where they are being turned into medals, cups, cigar-cases, smokers' requisites, watch-chains, flower-stands, jardinières, coal-scuttles, fire-irons, and even penholders. The Blackpool Company have established a factory, and now the oak timbers are being turned out daily in the way of anything from a collar-stud and a cigar-holder to a sideboard or a cabinet. The recent patriotic wave which has swept the country seems to have caused quite a run on these *Foudroyant* relics. The Home Secretary, for instance, purchased a stock of copper cigarette-cases, match-boxes, walking-sticks, and suchlike nicknacks, which he gave to his friends as Christmas-boxes. The other day he made a visit to Blackpool, which happens to be his constituency, and he chose a design for a cabinet in the Chippendale style, which has now been completed.

Lady Abercromby, anxious to possess something connected with the old warship on which her great-grandfather, Sir Ralph Abercromby, died at the Battle of Alexandria, has just had a cabinet, a pedestal, and an armchair, *temps* George III., made to her order. The cabinet is exactly like the one made for the Home Secretary, while the chair, as will be seen, is a neat bit of workmanship. On the top there is carved, "*Foudroyant*, 1800-1"—the date when she was Nelson's flagship in the Mediterranean, whilst in the latter year the brave Sir Ralph died—and on one of the panels there is cut out, "Lord Nelson's Flagship." Lady Abercromby has since given instructions for a similar chair to be made for a daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, private secretary to the Prince of Wales. The Army and Navy Club authorities are considering plans for a series of low card-tables to be made from the old oak, while *Foudroyant* arched doors are contemplated.

The fame of the old ship has penetrated even into the wilds of Abyssinia. The Emperor Menelik last year entertained a famous lion-tamer, Herr Seeth, who was performing at Blackpool at the time of the wreck of the *Foudroyant*, and the dusky monarch heard from him



THE POOR OLD "FOUDROYANT."

Photo by David Wilde

the wonderful story of the ship. So interested did he become that he has been supplied with a handsome memorial plaque, with an oak base and a copper centre. King Humbert of Italy is also going to buy some articles.

CHARLES E. TOMLINSON.

WHERE SPEKE LIES.

I fear that the "Cambridge Historical Series," which Mr. G. W. Prothero, the Professor of History at Edinburgh University, edits, has little hold on the business City-man; but the gentlemen of the Kaffir Circus will make a mistake if they fail to read Sir Harry Johnston's "History of the Colonisation of Africa by Alien Tribes," which is the latest addition to Mr. Prothero's library. In any such book, John Hanning Speke must occupy a big place, for it was he who explored Somaliland first (in 1854) with Richard Burton. Sir Harry Johnston, of course, cannot go into details. Let me supplement his notice of Speke.

Speke was born at Jordans House, about a mile and a-half from Ilminster, on the Taunton Road. The mansion, which was built about the beginning of the present century, stands in a park through which flows a small stream called the Jordan. When the intrepid explorer had traced the mysterious River Nile to its fountain-head, he christened one place—the fountain-head itself—after the name of the Queen, another place after his native county, and the third after the name of his father's mansion. In the hall at Jordans there is a fine collection of African and Indian curiosities collected by Captain Speke. On the right-hand side as you enter is the huge skull of an elephant of colossal dimensions. There are a great number of holes in the forehead, some of which are undoubtedly bullet-holes. The animal had killed several human beings when Speke despatched it with a conical bullet which penetrated the skull. On the opposite side of the hall is the skull of a hippopotamus. There is also a crocodile measuring eight or nine feet. In a case near it is a magnificent head of a tiger leaning upon its fore paws, which are fully six inches in width. Jordans is now the residence of Mr. William Speke, the only surviving brother of the explorer.

Captain Speke lived but a short time to enjoy the rest he required and the fame he had achieved. On Thursday, Sept. 15, 1864, while partridge-shooting at Neston Park, near Bath, the seat of Mr. Fuller, his uncle, he who had braved so much and escaped so many dangers was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun. His remains were brought to Jordans on the following Friday, and interred in a vault in the Church of Dowlish Wake. His fellow-traveller (Captain Grant), Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Samuel Baker, and other celebrities, attended the funeral. The Church of St. Andrew, Dowlish Wake, near Ilminster, was erected in the thirteenth century. It contains a monument to the memory of Captain Speke. It is a sarcophagus of serpentine marble, and upon the top is an inlaid brass cross. Around it, also inlaid in brass, is the following inscription—



IN MEMORY OF SPEKE, THE GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

Sacred to the memory of John Hanning Speke, second son of William and Georgina Speke, who died September 15, 1861, aged 37 years.

Over this is a circular arch, upon which are carved the emblems of the Nile—an alligator and hippopotamus. Above is the bust of the deceased, encircled by a lotus wreath. In the recesses are military badges, and a quadrant encircled by a belt, upon which "A Nilo Præclarus" is engraved. Immediately around this monument are other memorials of the Speke family, the earliest of which, a brass, is dated A.D. 1484. This part of the church was originally a chantry chapel, and a piscina may still be seen in the south wall.

Much excitement was caused some years ago by the disappearance of Speke's brother, a parson. All sorts of rumours flew about, and Mr. Speke's relatives suffered terribly from the strain. The gentleman suddenly appeared, none the worse for his curious disappearance, and I well remember the cartoon of "The Clerical Clown; or, Here We are Again," with which he was welcomed by that racy paper, *The Tomahawk*. Mr. Speke, if I remember rightly, had a strange tale to tell of a forcible detention in a dungeon off the Strand; but the story was not confirmed by subsequent inquiry. That well-known people do actually disappear in this huge Metropolis is not open to question. Years ago, a man I knew well left his office in the City at a little after four o'clock, as usual, and never reached his home in a near suburb. There was nothing wrong at the office; the man was a bachelor; he was not known by his friends to have either worries or difficulties; but, from that afternoon some twenty years ago to the present time, no trace of him has ever been found.



MISS MINNIE THEOBALD,
THE 'CELLO PLAYER WHO WILL GIVE A CHAMBER CONCERT AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL TO-MORROW AFTERNOON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Miss Amalia Küssner has just arrived in England, but is staying here only for a few days on her way to Russia, where she has several important commissions in the Court Circle. Three of the miniatures which she did when last in England are those of Lady Naylor-Leyland, Lady Sophie Scott, and Mrs. Mackay, and all three are quite different in style. Lady Naylor-Leyland, who is very fair, with a shell-like complexion, bright golden hair, and blue eyes, is all in white against a background of pale blue. The portrait of Lady Sophie Scott is done in deeper tints, and Mrs. Mackay, who has jet-black hair and dark eyes, is enveloped simply in black tulle, and wears no jewels, although she possesses some of the finest in the world. Two miniatures which Miss Küssner was doing last year are those of Lady Helen Vincent and of Lily Duchess of Marlborough, which are still unfinished, and the one of Lady Helen Vincent is said to be perfectly lovely. But perhaps the most successful miniature which she ever painted was that of the young Duchess of Marlborough.

"The Tug of War" is the title of a very amusing picture by Mr. Harding Cox (one of the proprietors of the *Queen*), which has just been issued in photogravure by Mr. Fred Mansell, of Orlestone Road, Holloway. It shows a mastiff at one end of the rope being pulled by two French poodles and a nondescript. Need it be said that "one jolly Englishman can lick all three." A pug acts as umpire in the most comical way.

When Monsieur, Madame, (or Bébée) asks the question in a long, long treatise, "*La Photographie, est-elle une Art?*" you feel that one of the most difficult problems ever set before the mind of man has been propounded for decision. After all, is photography an art? R. de la Sizeranne (Monsieur, Madame, or Bébée) makes a tremendous case in the affirmative by the recent publication of a book under that title (Hachette). Far indeed this writer carries the persuasions of plausibility, and in the end one is inclined to take for a net conclusion that photography in its highest development is to art what the asymptote is to the hyperbola.

For the benefit of readers not learned in conic sections, let me explain myself. The asymptote is a line which, by the laws of

mathematics, is for ever approaching the curve of the hyperbola, and which yet never reaches it. You can conceive an infinitely small space between the line and the curve, but the two never become identical. Hence, by my comparison, you may say that photography becomes nearly an art, within an infinitely small margin, but that it never quite touches the curve. And here, to pursue the matter further — for that comparison with the asymptote has numerous outlets and ramifications, the stickler for photography makes an appearance.

You say (he begins, with a bow) that photography is the asymptote of art, on the ground that it nearly reaches art, but never quite gets there. Now, consider the case of the asymptote and its relation to the hyperbola. Not only does it, somewhere out of human understanding, get there, but

there is actual and mathematical proof that it comes back again (and, indeed, as mathematical readers know, the asymptote does return out of some unfathomed deep by the mere terms of its equation). To which I give a simple and ingenuous answer. The asymptote, somewhere out of

sight, certainly beyond intelligence, may, if you please, reach the hyperbola; so, if you like to consider the matter in that light, photography may some time reach art, but out of sight—out of sight.

This work, then, goes far to prove that photography is in truth as near art as any of its champions need desire for it. Quite frankly and without hesitation the author recites the faults of the photograph; but no less to show what a height can be reached by the same medium. Many reproductions which are included in this volume are certainly charming, showing the approximation which the thing seen may come to the thing drawn and composed by an artistic eye and hand. The Pope, however, is on the side of the photographer, if one may judge by the quotation that completes the volume—

Imaginem
Naturæ Apelles æmulus
Non pulchriorem pingeret.

The "Peasant Arts Society" has just published a couple of illustrated

volumes which may or may not have an artistic success, but which appeal to a very definite, if somewhat remote, sense of beauty. It is curious to pick up, for example, "*Our Daily Bread*," a song with pictures by Godfrey Blount, and to note how one's first impression is one merely of laughter and scorn, and how one's second impression is to consider the matter more attentively, with a conclusion of hearty admiration for a purpose well and decently achieved. There is a certain artlessness, it is true, about the illustration which is affixed to such a phrase as—

When the harvest heaves
With many a golden gable,
All shock-headed sheaves
Praise God who spreads the table.

The standing figures with their eyes curiously awry yet show a unity and cohesion that grow upon one. The sprouting of the "green blades" again is excellently imaginative, and the genuine movement of the seed-sower is admirably indicated.

Mr. Godfrey Blount's "*The Song of the Sower*" is even better than the companion volume to which reference has been made. He works here upon a larger scale, and with a more certain hand. The subject which inspired him in "*Our Daily Bread*" — "*The Seed Sower*" — has touched him to even more effectual success here. The action of the sower is excellently indicated, and the absolute convention of sunlight is quite convincing in its own way. The words, "See all her acres fetter-freed in hungry furrows catch the seed," are also finely shown in symbol. In a word, Mr. Blount appeals to me as a new artist with a very particular lay of his own. The books are charmingly got up in portfolio form, and the pictures are exceedingly well reproduced.



MRS. MASSEY AND DAUGHTER.
From a Miniature by Mrs. Massey.



MRS. MACKAY.
From a Miniature by Miss Amalia Küssner.



LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.
From a Miniature by Miss Amalia Küssner.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

An interesting and quite unconscious rivalry, both in matter and sentiment, will be found in two new novels by popular writers—"The Countess Tekla" (Methuen), by Mr. Robert Barr, and "The Pride of Jennico" (Macmillan), by Mr. Egerton Castle. Both have been written to illustrate the same theme, but, then, they illustrate it with all the diversity that could be wished for. The subject is an old favourite, from which the glamour has not yet been rubbed off. Royalty in a human mood loves out of its degree. The meaner-born of the two lovers is, of course, fit to mate with the most regal personage; but the identity of the great one is long concealed, in accordance with the traditions of good story-telling. To wander in disguise is the clear duty of every Prince and Princess with any claim to the respect of the romantic. Crowns and sceptres are rather dull things, merely suggestive of business occasions, but when we catch the glitter of them under a peasant's cap or in a shepherdess's crook, we do not underrate their value. In Mr. Barr's story it is no less a person than an Emperor who stoops to win the love of the fairest and most virtuous of his subjects. The Emperor Rodolph, loitering incognito on his way to fight the infidel Saracens in the Holy Land, discovers a dangerous enemy in a powerful vassal, and, in that vassal's runaway niece, the incomparable lady of his heart. An Emperor can get his own way, perhaps, more easily than pettier royalties; and Rodolph, though his tale is not a smooth one, had an easier love-story than the Princess Ottilie, the heroine of Mr. Castle's book. That high-born dame gave, in a most audacious manner, her hand and her heart to an Englishman whose long pedigree and multiplicity of quarters were yet insufficient to satisfy the vanity of her guardians. She is a witty, pert, mischievous, and resourceful young woman, but escape from the lofty career designed for her is only effected after considerable bloodshed and after adventures that carry one swiftly, if not always merrily, along. There are ostensibly many centuries between the epochs of the two stories, but, in reality, they are contemporaneous, both belonging to that boundless period of romance when anything may happen in a novelist's pages and be believed, provided it is related as amusingly and as charmingly as are the incidents in "The Countess Tekla" and "The Pride of Jennico."

For the modest reader, who has learnt to own the limits of human time and energy, and not to despise selections, a delightful series of Eighteenth Century Letters is being compiled by Mr. Brimley Johnson, and issued by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. The latest volume contains as good a choice of the letters of Johnson and Chesterfield as could be made. Chesterfield has long ago been pigeon-holed and labelled in the minds of each of us; but Johnson, as a letter-writer, is vaguely known to the general. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who contributes the preface, craves a reader's interest and belief in the Doctor's epistolary powers almost with an apology. This is the wrong tone to take. His letters are fascinating. He had now and again in them the lightest of touches; and, though they are plain-spoken enough, they show none of the insolence which all save Johnson fanatics resent in his famed conversations. They are bristling with gossip; they are intimately autobiographical; they are affectionate, and they are witty. Of course, when he runs up against any of his pet aversions, and north of the Tweed there were many, he is acid enough. Dundee he finds a "dirty, despicable town." And the good town of Aberdeen he deals with even more contemptuously. Cromwell's soldiers, he was told there—doubtless, by a local jester—taught the inhabitants to raise cabbages and make shoes. Whereupon he remarks, "How they lived without shoes may yet be seen; but in the passage through villages, it seems to him that surveys their gardens, that, when they had not cabbages, they had nothing." And, indeed, he does not flatter Paris. But, in spite of occasional tartness, the sweet nature and the sincerity of the man are continually gleaming through the letters. He writes to Mrs. Thrale to say how glad he is to learn she has been to the regatta. "You know how little I love to have you left out of any shining part of life." And he goes on to declare stoutly his belief in society. "Pleasure is better than indolence. . . . You that have seen the regatta will have images which we who miss it must want, and no intellectual images are without use." If scholars who have found something better than regattas would oftener take this tone, the old, mischievous quarrel between sour-natured Puritans and butterfly youth might yet dwindle and die.

There is some exquisite first-hand observation of Nature in Mrs. Meynell's new book of essays, "The Spirit of Place" (Lane). It is an observation almost more scientific than poetical, yet reaching to poetry by the love that inspires it and the meditation that clings to it. This picture of the rain is expressed scientifically, but, then, the result is a picture—a picture we shall look for again and again out of doors, and only miss because of our tardy sight: "The rods that thinly stripe our landscape, long shafts from the clouds, if we had but agility to make the arrowy downward journey with them by the glancing of our eyes, would be infinitely separate, units, an innumerable flight of single things, and the simple movement of intricate points." Here, again, concerning horizons: "On the horizon, moreover, closes the long perspective of the sky. There you perceive that an ordinary sky of clouds—not a thunder sky—is not a wall, but the underside of a floor. You see the clouds that repeat each other grow smaller by distance, and you find a new unity in the sky and earth that gather alike the great lines of their designs to the same distant close." One has learnt by this time what to expect of Mrs. Meynell's wisdom and subtle reading of human things, but justice has hardly been done to her quiet, loving, truthful eye.

A. M.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Nothing that has happened during the recent "Anglo-Saxon" movement has been so significant of a real kinship between Britain and America as the universal sympathy about the sick-bed of Rudyard Kipling. Here was an author, wide in his observation and deep in his insight, yet in many ways English of the English, steeped in the Imperialism that Continental nations denounce and imitate, a disbeliever in democracy and equality, and higher half-education, and the notions that have been the daily bread of Liberal thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet both great nations whose speech he wrote felt the danger of his death as a blow to be dreaded; many thousands were grieved as if for the illness of a personal friend.

No other writer of recent days has impressed his personality so deeply on the consciousness of his race. In prose and in verse he has spoken out the essence of the English kin; as Cuvier or Owen could reconstruct an extinct animal from one bone, so the historian of the distant future could call up the British Empire from one typical tale or poem of Kipling. He has discovered India; he has revealed Tommy Atkins; he has made the creatures of the jungle more familiar to us than half of our friends, more real than half the folk we meet in the street. Many poets have sung of the Soul of Nature; he has spoken the soul of the labour of man. He can take the technicalities of machinery and mechanics and make them as interesting as any romance, and as clear as any picture. Even if (as will happen) the technicalities are wrong, an expert will hardly dare to protest or even doubt. Thus hath said Kipling; and thus it is, or ought to be. The tremendous necessity of his statement bears down all objections; it must be true; if the facts be otherwise, so much the worse for the facts.

It is wonderful how a personality carves out a place in fame. Not that Rudyard Kipling has ever obtruded himself on public attention like some popular favourites of the day, who shall be as nameless here as they will be elsewhere in fifty years. But every line, every word almost, is distinctive; there is nothing else exactly like this style. Even mannerisms of writing and punctuation help to mark off this man from all others. "There was a coolie-woman once—but that is another story." Who is there that would not give his most precious possession to read all those "other stories"? We shall have many tellers of tales; hardly again one with the vividness of this writer, the power to see and make others see.

And his work endures. The many scattered stories strewn here and there over the magazines have given birth to a philosophy, and created a policy. The Carlyle view of history is too inhuman and arrogant; the despotic, heaven-born hero is nearly as great a nuisance as the anarchy he stamps on with his iron heel. Kipling's hero is no single man, but a race. Above the labouring officials and careless officers of his Indian tales broods the burden of Empire. The pettiest Civil Servant that ever wasted paper becomes a tragic figure, standing out against the huge hopeless East that he is labouring to improve; yet a heroic figure, because he represents the governing, daring race. And so, too, for others. Ortheris and Learoyd and Mulvaney are individual men, but they are also the British Army. The beasts and birds of the jungle have their names and natures, but there is the life of the forest throbbing through them. Nay, even machinery lives, and lives as part of a world of conscious mechanism.

It is the divine faculty and joy of creation that testifies to an author's immortality. He may create new beings or merely new beauty; he may be a master of character or a master of style. But one of the two he must be if he is to be named among the names that endure. Kipling's work is rather that of a maker of men than that of a maker of words. His verse is seldom more than adequate to its subject; the magical, inexplicable beauty of a stray line that we find in the great poets is absent from his works. Verse is to him a tool that he handles well, but not as to the manner born. There is no weakness, but there is nothing exquisite, and little that is outside the reach of a vigorous prose.

But this very simplicity and plainness of expression fit the poet to speak the thoughts of very many. There is not a reader that cannot rock to the swing of his rhythms and grip the sense of his poems. From the rollicking ballad to the stately march, all is plain, straightforward, convincing. The irony cuts cleanly; the scorn hits full; the encouragement rings like a bugle-call. He who runs may read, and he who reads will not run.

The Kipling ideal, if ideal it be, may not be the most noble conceivable; but it has nobility and attraction. After all, he has taken up the lines of Shakspeare. Henry V., with his wild youth, and practical, conquering middle-age, is a typical Kipling hero; and, indeed, Shakspeare loves to bring in this type in his historical plays as the embodiment of the genius of England—the bold, skilful, practical patriot, eager for his country's glory, not altogether unselfish, not altogether scrupulous, but a man that can reduce heroism to a routine.

There are higher kinds of men; but this is *our* kind.—MARMITON.

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. FREEMAN WILLS'S ADAPTATION OF DICKENS'S "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



Lucie Manette (Miss Grace Warner), daughter of Dr. Manette (Mr. Fred Everill), who came to London when the period of his imprisonment in the Bastille was over.



Charles Darnay, really the Marquis St. Evremonde (Mr. Herbert Sleath), toasts his counsel, Sydney Carton (Mr. Martin Harvey).



Sydney Carton balks Dufarge (Mr. Holbrook Blinn), who came to London to ferret out "Darnay."

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MRS. MARTIN HARVEY AS MIMI.

Mimi was the poor little serving-maid whom Sydney Carton had rescued and who loved him even to the death.

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS SYDNEY CARTON.

He was in love with Lucie Manette, and went to the scaffold for her, accompanied by Mimi.

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



This is the scene of the Second Act, taking place in Dr. Manette's garden in Soho. Lucie is there, and happiness seems at her very door, for "Darnay" has told her he loves her. But doom stands at the garden gate in the shape of Dufarge, the brother of the man who had been murdered by "Darnay's" father.



The Marquis had dishonoured Dufarge's sister and killed her brother, the poor peasant, in the rough-and-ready duel which the latter thought it incumbent on him to fight. Dr. Manette watched his dying moments, and was put away in the Bastille for his pains.

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



Sydney Carton appears at the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris to give evidence in favour of Darnay, who has been enticed back to Paris.



These are gallants waiting for the tumbrel to which the Revolutionists have condemned them.

WHAT GREEK VASES HAVE TO TELL.

It would seem a very strange idea for us to think that anyone living two or three thousand years hence and trying to reconstruct the life of this time should search among the fragments of our teacups for the materials to do so. If we had to select any one thing that would combine the functions of art and literature, and yet not be exactly or fully either, we



SATYR SWINGING MAIDEN.

should, of course, turn to the illustrated paper. In Greek times the function of the illustrated paper was exactly filled by the vase, which is luckily indestructible, even when in fragments. On vases we find pictures of the daily life of the people; we have children going to school, maidens performing their toilet or bringing water from the fountain; youths practising athletic games or arming themselves for the fight. We have pictures of dinner-parties, weddings, funerals, religious services, ladies shopping, bronze-founders hammering away in their foundries. There is no side of Greek life untouched by the vases; no part of it on which they do not throw light. On one vase a curious festal swinging is represented, to find an analogue of which we look back to the *heave* offering of Jewish times, or to the trivial swing of the village fair of to-day.

Even nowadays, when so many people can read, it is the *picture* that speaks to them, and we can guess how much these pictures meant to the ancient Greek who could not read.

It is on vases that we find illustrations of the most famous passages in classical literature, and the pictures make the author's meaning stand out fresh and clear before the bodily eye. The parting of Hector and Andromache, the burning of Croesus' funeral pyre, the taking of Troy, all actually occur on vases, with the names labelling the persons in quaint fashion. When one considers how eagerly a schoolboy devours the modern illustrated paper, one wonders that schoolmasters do not make more use of these ancient ones, the vases, still so fresh and bright, to make classical learning a pleasure and a recreation.

The beautiful vases in the British Museum can hardly win a glance from the casual visitor, while the sculpture galleries, and particularly

the Elgin Room, thanks partly to Keats, attract a steady stream. The reason must be that our modern eyes are not accustomed to the kind of drawing; the conventions of it are strange to us. We understand the photograph, with its complications of light and shade, but the line drawing, with all its delicacy and grace, is lost upon us.

And yet, if we once master the

artist's intention, a new world is opened up before us, and we stand and live among the beautiful Greek people of old, and see them move, and hear them speak, the quaint labels issuing from their mouths with their words inscribed upon them. For us, Sappho plays her lyre or converses with her friend and fellow-poet, Alcæus. Achilles binds up the wounded arm of Patroclus, and, as he binds the wound, Patroclus turns his head away, so that he shall not see as well as feel.



ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO.

We have pictures of the ships of the day ramming one another, of bathers, of boys racing on horseback, or jumping—in fact, of every various human action that fancy can suggest, except perhaps a few to which recent inventions have given rise. In two thousand years the springs of action remain the same, and an artist might still delight to draw a boy in bed or girls playing at knuckle-bones. We can trace the changes in fashion from the vases, and observe how the flow of the embroidered garments on one differs from the full, rich drapery on another. Doubtless some of the vases were used as fashion-plates, and ladies took the patterns of the dresses on them.

The material of the vases is terra-cotta, and the drawing is, for the most part, simply outline. Rich people doubtless had vases of silver and copper, but the very preciousness of the material has been the cause of their destruction. The terra-cotta ones were, of course, used, but there are two great classes of them that can hardly have been meant for much more than ornament. These are the vases dedicated in the temples and those brought to the tombs. The tall white tomb-vases are often exquisitely drawn in colours not yet faded. One depicts a warrior being laid in his tomb by the winged figures of "Death and his brother Sleep."



THE PARTING CUP AND WARRIORS ARMING.

On another, the ferryman Charon, by a curious mingling of the various ideas connected with death, brings his boat to the very tomb, and, while the body enters the boat, the tiny soul floats above and begs for a reprieve.

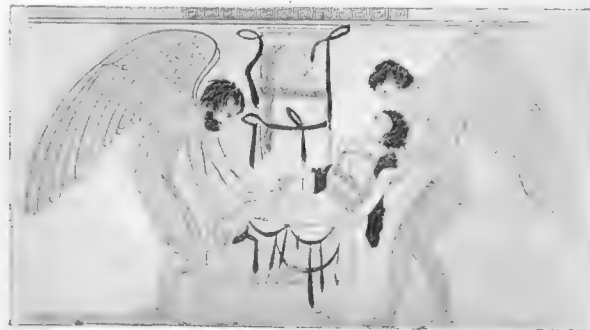
These vases were probably broken over the grave, so that the person's spirit should have the vase with its picture to solace him and remind him of his friends.

JERRY-BUILDING IN PARIS.

Proud as we may be of the exploits of some of our native jerry-builders, the art of constructing whited sepulchres may be said to be only in its infancy on this side of the Channel.

Not many weeks ago an enormous six-storey block of cheap dwelling-houses in course of construction in Paris collapsed with a crash, burying a number of workmen in the ruins. The accident, it turned out, was due principally to the fact that the contractor had thought it unnecessary to go to the expense of using mortar to hold the stones together! Now, there is more than a suspicion that the practice of dispensing with mortar is a pretty general one with French contractors. At the present moment Paris is "up" in every direction. Drains and underground-railways are being constructed on all hands. A workman discharged from the employ of one of the largest drain-contractors has just denounced his former master for malpractices. An investigation has revealed the fact that the drain-contractor had dispensed not merely with mortar, but had substituted soft limestone for the granite he had agreed to employ.

When it was asked how it came about that the official inspectors had passed everything as in order, it transpired that not one of these individuals knew anything whatever about masonry or building; one was an ex-watchmaker, another a sculptor, and a third an ironfounder! It is to be hoped some better surveillance has been exercised on the construction of the tall white stucco buildings that are so fast rearing their heads for the 1900 Exhibition, otherwise some of the 75,000,000 persons who, it is modestly estimated, will visit the big show next year will not survive to tell the tale.



DEATH AND SLEEP LAYING THE WARRIOR IN HIS TOMB.

A TROUT NURSERY ON THE ITCHEN.

An Angler's Paradise! Such is the happy name given by Mr. Armistead to his fish-rearing establishment at Solway, and I shall take the liberty of borrowing it to describe another hatchery, one on the Itchen, at Chilland, where Mr. Edgar Valentine Corrie is setting an example which many other riparian owners would do well to follow. Mr. Corrie



THE FRY PONDS AT CHILLAND.

possesses the fishing rights on four or five miles of the Itchen below Lower Chilland House, his home near Winchester. One cannot wonder that the owner of such a fine bit of water, on his return from a busy life abroad, should find his interest in it quickened, especially if he is an angler and comes of a family of anglers. Even when far away from it, Mr. Corrie's heart was on the banks of the Hampshire stream near which he was born.

But Mr. Corrie, happily, is no longer exiled from his beloved Hampshire water, and he has brought back with him from his travels an added knowledge of fish-culture, and an experience in utilising waterways and water-powers to that end which he is turning to excellent account. Close by Chilland House there is a quaint mill, and here a big volume of the Itchen has been diverted from its natural course to make a "mill-head," about three hundred yards in length. Now see what has happened through the enlightened perception of the opportunities offered by the plentifulness of water here and a stretch of river with all the natural advantages that go to make a good fish-rearing pond. The "mill-head" has been fenced off to form two-year-old and stock-fish ponds. The screens are protected by slanting guards in order automatically to carry away the masses of floating debris which come down the river at times. The old mill is transformed into a hive of fish-rearing industry; the wheel no longer drives the stones for crushing corn, but turns lathes, pumps water, minces meat—does all, in fact, that is required mechanically in the earlier stages of fish-culture. Hatching-houses have risen here and there on the riverside, and numerous natural redds have been protected. At Chilland and at Filling Mill are fry ponds and yearling ponds. Turn any way one likes, indeed, signs of this thriving and interesting industry meet the eye. To be understood thoroughly the work must be seen.

As the result of his exertions, Mr. Corrie has from 12,000 to 15,000 trout (*Salmo fario*) which will reach their second birthday this month, in the mill-head, or "two-year-old pond." What a magnificent lot they are! Their deep sides, plump shoulders, and broad tails tell of health and strength. To see them rising all the way down the pond at the natural flies on the surface, or hunting for food below, is a sight for "anglers and honest men." Of course, a stretch of three hundred yards only cannot supply all the food necessary for so many "growing" fish. At times, therefore, the river above is drawn upon, the hatches are raised, and down comes the whole volume of the Itchen, bringing with it an enormous quantity of natural food. Then the two-year-olds have a "high old time of it." Frequently, too, they are hand-fed. Some of the fish I saw were already nearly a foot long; and this month the greater number will have reached ten or twelve inches,

"For a very long time," Mr. Corrie told me, "it has been no secret that trout will increase in weight very rapidly if only they are well fed; but fish-breeders still find it hard to believe that trout of twenty-four months can be grown to a pound weight."

Close by, in another fenced-off portion of the river, are a lot of three-year-olds; splendid fellows, ranging from one pound and a-half to three and a-half pounds in weight. Farther on still are the stock-fish, running up to seven pounds, which are used as breeders only. Mr. Corrie, however, prefers to use the ova from fish taken in the river rather than from these fenced-in stock-fish, healthy as they undoubtedly are.

There is no doubt that, as a rule, two-year-olds are the best fish for stocking waters; at the same time, if you have an owner who is ready to take the necessary trouble with his fishery, fry are extremely useful. The fry which I saw at Chilland, let me say, were a fine lot of *fario*. In April last, two hundred thousand well-grown fry were turned into one of the branch streams, and Mr. Corrie explained to me that this swarm of little trout had full liberty to range into the main river, for, while they were only an inch or so in length, the fences in rear and ahead of them were made of two-inch gratings. The fish were placed between fences, not to shut them in, but to shut out the large, mature trout from getting at the mass of fry when first liberated. Thus, by simple and inexpensive means, the fry, or a large proportion of them, were preserved, and since then they have gradually distributed themselves over the river. In this manner is Nature to be assisted on our sporting waters.

Four-months-old trout, which had been brought up entirely on natural food, were passed through the escape-gates of the ponds in which they had been reared from the fry stage, and turned into the river above Chilland foot-bridge. They were at home at once, and added usefully to the

stock of fish. Other fish turned in last season were 600 two-year-old *fario*, 253 three-year-olds, and another batch of 120,000 fry.

The greater number of trout bred at Chilland are of pure Itchen stock, but other waters have been laid under contribution as well. Notably smart-looking and valuable fish have been got by a cross between Windermere *fario* and Scotch *fario*; 250 of these at the two-year-old stage, turned into the river last year, are doing remarkably well. Mr. Corrie has some interesting information about the fish he has introduced into the Itchen. Those from the Meon River, he says, have done as well as any, and they show very unusual colouring. Their fins are a bright red, and their bellies snow-white, bordered by golden yellow. A $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Meon trout, landed during last season, caused the angler to declare that he had caught a trout with fins as red as a perch's! The Scotch brown trout are coloured more soberly, though the change to southern waters appears to suit them very well also. But the cross-bred Windermere-Scottish trout promises to be the finest strain of *fario* in the fishery, and, as far as has been seen, is the keenest surface-feeder.

It was with regret that I left this angling paradise. Pity there are so few such when there might be so many.



THE YEARLING PONDS AT CHILLAND.

From Photographs by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.

THE DOG'S ACRE IN HYDE PARK.

From Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

No one who rambles omnibusly westward from the Marble Arch along Bayswater Road, rattles in a hansom, or walks sedately, if not in state, past Victoria Gate, can fail to notice on his left hand, behind the railings of the Park and under the shadow of the great houses on the other side of the way, the rows of little white tombstones which make the Dogs' Cemetery a distinctive, and in many respects a distinguished spot. Here the remains of many a four-footed friend of sentimental woman and tender-hearted man sleep the long sleep, unforgotten in death as beloved in life, as many tributes testify. Prosaic, indeed, was its beginning, for it is in reality merely the little garden attached to the lodge of the gate-keeper, who inaugurated the cemetery and made the little plot of ground a veritable Garden of Sleep, and who has only recently himself laid down his work, folded his hands, and closed his eyes on the labour of this world. Not without a touch of sentiment has been its continuation, soon to reach a point of sorrow, when it is closed, as it must inevitably be before very long.

The rectilinear plot, cut into at one end by the semicircular wall belonging to the lodge, is appropriately planted, by chance—or was it design?—with ivy and laurel, symbol of immortality, with bushes of dark-green myrtle, classic symbol of death, and here and there with a bright-berried holly-tree, whose red gleams hopefully and suggestively out of the green. Beautifully kept, its tiny pathways lined with brown tiles, the little graves arranged in rows, overgrown with green bushes and flowering plants, this Garden of Death, like so many within the City's walls, is full almost to overflowing, and, in the nature of things, can become the abiding-place of but a few more inhabitants whose epitaphs will bear witness to their worth. Unlike mere man, however, the evil they may perchance have done is interred with them, and only the good lives after them. The Bible has been freely drawn upon by these devoted friends of the dog. On the tomb of more than one of these departed creatures may be read the words from Luke xii. 6—

Not one of them is forgotten before God.

Now and again one comes across the grave of a cat, as, for example—

In memoriam, Chinchilla (Chilla), Lovely, loving, and most dearly loved. Poisoned July 31st, 1895. God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy ever-loving mistress Elene;

the last word being in Greek characters, while beneath are many Egyptian hieroglyphs. Another stone, with fuller details still, is a tribute to—

My faithful Minnie, Yorkshire terrier. Weight, 3½ lb. Died February 27th, 1896; and beautiful Pat, died July 29th, 1895. Ever remembered. Friends to Bobby over the way. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, And in their death they were not divided."

On another tombstone is the inscription—

Alas, poor Zoe! Born 1st of October, 1878; died 13th of August, 1892.
As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

One stone is raised to the memory of "Darling Doley, my sunbeam, my consolation, my joy," whose life-race was run from 1882 to 1898. "Pilku, au revoir," is the simple inscription engraved upon another stone. Not good-bye, note, but "au revoir"; and over the words is the device of a serpent around a cross, placed in an inverted crown, and beneath a dove with expanded wings, symbol of immortality. Close by, another white stone raises its head to "Jack the Dandy, a sportsman and a pal," whose name a wreath of now discoloured ivy, its red berries standing out in vivid contrast, attests is still held in tender memory. Is there not a wealth of pathos in this epitaph to "Curly, a faithful friend, who pined for his lost mistress, and died 19th November, 1896"?

Almost every little stone carries some individuality of its own, and, therefore, conspicuous by reason of its very plainness and simplicity in the serried rows of white marble is a short, thick, green board, painted, with discoloured white letters, "In memory of Fly," and with a date now no longer to be deciphered, as the inscription is bespattered with mud. Equally conspicuous is another at one of the far corners, in the prosaic shadow of the gardener's tool-house, near an out-of-place litter of bottles, jam-pots, and jars. It is covered with a pile of decayed wreaths, of which there must be at least fifty or sixty, to bear witness to a long period of mourning, for, as the inquirer may learn, one was sent regularly every week. So the list might be extended from the earliest interment to the last two, which are but a few days old. The graves are still unplanted with flowers or evergreen, and on them still lie withering the bunches of violets which kindly hands have placed there, sweet tributes to dead love. These two graves lie close together, and tell of "Max, died February 19th, 1899; a loving, faithful Jockie, a loving friend and companion; died

friend," and of "Darling February 18th, 1899."

Nor are fresh flowers absent from these tiny tombs. Violets wither, tulips pale, lilies give all their sweetness over the mortal remains of these departed dogs. Growing plants cover a tombstone which bears the inscription, "A mon cher Wee. Mes Pensées. 23rd Avril, 1893," and in vases may be seen bunches of violets and primroses which have evidently only just been placed there, and are constantly renewed; while a little further on a stone has been erected "To dear little Ami. Unvergesslich. Died 24th February, 1898," which has been decked on the anniversary with a wreath of white lilies and bright-green leaves and ferns.

There is, indeed, little to differentiate in sentiment this burial-place from that in which loving hands consign the remains of loved human bodies. Nor is the interment, as a rule, a careless or a callous one. The body of the pet, laid in a box, is taken to the lodge, with, not seldom, an undertaker, to add dignity to a ceremony not without its touch of distinction. Following the remains may sometimes be seen a human friend, dressed in black, or else a representative, to see that the last rites are paid properly and soberly rendered to a mite which once brought not a little joy into an otherwise companionless and empty life.



THE DOG'S ACRE IN HYDE PARK.

From Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A VAGABOND.

BY MARK LENNOX.

He was as fine a specimen of tramp-humanity as ever I had come across, and I almost became reconciled to the storm that had driven me into the ramshackle wayside inn. He bore his rags with inimitable ease and grace, and there was a good-tempered, independent, whimsical something behind his devil-may-care appearance that was simply irresistible—a strong dash of poetry and romance, moreover, so often found in your lord of the lane and highway.

His first words disappointed me; I confess, for he spoke with the unmistakable tone and accent of a gentleman, and I was growing a trifle tired of people who had “come down” in life.

When he had finished the second pot of ale that he permitted me to pay for, I hinted, somewhat rudely perhaps, that no doubt he had seen better days.

“Seen better days? I should hope I have—and worse ones too, many of them. Better days? Did you ever come across a man on his beam-ends that hadn’t seen better days? Talking of lies, it’ll have struck you by this time, no doubt, that man is a lying animal. No? Oh, well, that’s because you’re thinking of one kind of liars only. They’re not all of one kind, I grant you. There’s the man who deceives others. He’s a materialist, if ever there was one. But, then, there’s the man who deceives himself—and that’s your idealist. See?”

I did see, and tried to draw him out further; but he did not really wax eloquent until he was deep in his post-prandial glass of toddy and his huge frame loomed dim from out a smoke-cloud. It was then I asked my man to spin me a yarn.

He raised himself from his lolling posture, and, planting both elbows on the table, looked at me with those half-quizzical, half-pathetic eyes of his.

“What queer fish you steady-going, respectable people are!” he said at last. “You’re as keen as ferrets on tales of wild life—and low life too, for that matter. But that’s neither here nor there. Do you believe in a regular tramp and vagabond repenting and turning round—for good, I mean?”

“Don’t you?” I parried, laughing at the suddenness of the question, and wondering what he was driving at.

“I’ve got to,” he answered drily, “for I’ve seen ’em do it—actually seen them do it, and I could no more keep them back than a baby could have done.”

He stopped, and, sighing, veiled himself in melancholy smoke.

“How heart-breaking!” I murmured sympathetically.

When he emerged again from out his cloud, the melancholy had departed.

“Now did you ever hear of a respectable and law-abiding citizen suddenly taking a headlong plunge into trampdom, and roving on in happy lawlessness for the rest of his natural life?”

I gravely shook my head.

He puffed away in deep meditateness.

“Why shouldn’t that be possible as well as the other?” he said. “I never did see why it shouldn’t, and—I’m a bit of a mental and moral philosopher, you must know; I never heard of a man worth the name who didn’t pick up that trick on the tramp—and I thought I’d try and settle the question by an experiment in flesh and blood.”

“You actually tried to turn a—”

“A decent man into a vagabond. Exactly. Hark at the wind screaming up the hillside. It was just such a night as this when I first began— But I’ll let you have it in regular order.

“After I once determined on my experiment, I tried to get hold of a decent subject. I was in London at the time, trying to get the hang of the place, and I didn’t know a respectable soul there except little Tom Allen, a poor City clerk, who lived in the same house as I did. And he *was* respectable—a nervous, lily-livered sort of a fellow, who went to chapel regularly, and had never tasted anything stronger than water in his life. He drugged at his desk all day, and came home at night to tea and Pollok’s ‘Course of Time,’ or some other equally entertaining work, and he’d been living this monotonous little life of his for close on twenty-five years when I came across him. And I fixed on him at once, for I saw the untamable little tell-tale devil in the corner of his meek and quiet eye, and I knew he’d do. Strange, though, how a bit of the devil lurks in the mildest of creatures, and a bit of the brute, too, for that matter. But let that pass—except that it brings me back to what I said just now about you straight folk being mad on wild tales. I had found that out long ago, and used it as the thin end of the wedge with Tom Allen. I’d sit up in his bedroom with him by the hour, on his patent-medicine chest, ranting away about the glory of a wanderer’s life, the excitement and the whirl and the freedom and the joy of it. I bade him listen to the wind on a stormy night such as this—to the roar and the shout of it, and the passionate snap of the branches, till the wild wind-music got into his heart and brain and he held his hands to his ears and bid me stop.”

Outside, the storm raged as it can rage only on a bleak moor whence the steep hills rise. The tramp’s pipe was out, and the jauntiness had died out of his voice, which cut through the scream of the blast low and clear, exhausting, almost, in its intensity. His eye was full upon me,

compelling me to return the gaze, and I understood how this man could hold the wills and minds of stronger men than poor Tom Allen in the hollow of his hand.

“I told him of a worship,” went on the voice—“a worship that eluded cramping church walls, and lived only among the lonely hills, where the woodland clasps the knees of the barren rock, and in the depth of the glorious tangled forests; of the joy of wandering on without bound or goal—on through the great wild world, through town and village and hamlet; on to stern and awesome regions, where the grey mist sleeps on the moor, and the blasts tear up the shaggy hills with a scream that summons up a man’s blood. . . .

“So I went on for many a long evening—how I could go on so long I don’t know, for the passion of the wanderer was upon me, and I was mad to go. But I went on, and Tom Allen listened, and his chest would heave and his face work as though he were fighting for breath. And one evening, when my patience had begun to wear thin, he suddenly jumped up and stood bolt upright, with hands clenched and eyes a-flashing.

“‘I can’t stand this any longer,’ says he—and his voice sounded tremulous and determined all at once—‘I tell you, it’s killing me, killing me, this prison life of mine! I’ll throw in my lot with you, and we’ll leave this place to-morrow. You’ve been waiting for me, I know.’

“I knew then that I had gained my purpose, and—I was sorry, I wanted to beg him to stay; but I happened to catch his eye, and saw that I might as well try to move a rock in mid-sea. We left the place the next morning, he and I. The house stood at the bottom of a long, narrow road, and he was silent as death until we got to the top. Then he stopped and looked back.

“‘Never no more,’ said he, in a queer, harsh whisper; ‘never no more.’

“Well, I fairly dashed into the old roving life, dragging Tom Allen after me. It was summer then, and old England was at its best, and Tom enjoyed it all, just as a boy might. Only, when we passed through villages, and saw the quiet, thatched homesteads, and the people going to church, or, maybe, when we stopped on the road to chaff some pudding-faced youngster, and his mother would cry to him from her cottage to keep away from ‘they lazy vagabones,’ he’d look at me with a slow, quiet look, and I’d turn away with something like a groan. I can face danger and death with anyone, but there was a curse in that man’s eye, though his heart was gentle as a woman’s. And as summer turned to autumn he wore that look well-nigh every day, and somehow it seemed to drain the very life out of me. He never said a word about it, and I never said a word to him; but there were times when I wished he’d strike me dead. I did speak at last though. It was a Sunday morning, and we were standing on the top of old Sarum hill. The bells were ringing below with a jangle of tink and clangs and clongs, and the people were on their way to matins. I looked at Tom Allen as he stood by me, silent and patient as ever, with never a word of reproach on his lips, only the weary, slow look, and I saw death in his face that morning. He might have been dead then—he was so white and still. Only his lip trembled, and there was a tear on his cheek. I spoke then—”

The storm was spent, and the winds had sobbed themselves to sleep. Only the rain made music on the leaves.

The vagabond remained silent.

“Well?” I said at last.

“Well, there’s little more to be said. I’d lured him on to what was death to him, and all that remained for me to do was to try and get him back to life. Isn’t that so, Mister?”

Somehow, the quizzical note had got back into his voice again.

“So I just began, that Sunday morning, to hold forth on the joys and beauty of a quiet, steady-going life. I wasn’t sure of my powers at first, but soon I saw that the charm acted, and, if ever I tried to stumble at a prayer in my mind, it was then; for I couldn’t bear to think of having done him to death.”

“Well, it ended as it had begun. For one day, not so long after, I took him by the hand, as it were, and led him back to London. And he never said a word; but, when his old governor consented to take him back, he looked as though he’d seen a vision. That was five years ago, and I’ve never troubled him since.”

The vagabond jumped up with a lurch that sent our glasses flying.

“I’m off now,” he said curtly.

“Why in such a hurry?” I queried.

He looked at me long and earnestly.

“Because I carry a resolution,” he said, “and resolutions are risky things to carry. They should be marked ‘Glass, with care,’ and conveyed to their destination as quickly as possible.”

“And what is this resolution of yours?” I could not help asking.

He bent over me with a low laugh.

“Not to tell any more lies over my whisky-toddy,” he whispered.

And, before I could recover myself, he was striding across the heath and was soon out of sight.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



THE SAD STORY OF TRISTRAM AND ISOLT.

*She who as they voyaged quaffed
With Tristram that spiced magic draught,
Which since then forever rolls
Through their blood and binds their souls.*

EDEA SANTORI AT LA SCALA.

Midnight found me still waiting patiently for the performance of "Il Carillon," and rewarded my patience while disappointing my expectations. For the new ballet proved to be an unfortunate affair, scarcely worthy the high traditions of La Scala, with commonplace music, tawdry dressing, and a colour-scheme that set my teeth on edge. There was no



EDEA SANTORI.

Photo by Pilotti and Poyssel, Milan.

dignity about the work of the pantomimists; the long lines of dancers were but clumsily manœuvred. Clearly the authorities of the great Opera House of Milan had scored a miss; the silence of the audience was now broken by sounds that saved the Capitol. Then Edea Santori appeared in the conventional costume of the *première danseuse*, and, taking up the heavy burden of "Il Carillon," danced it into comparative favour. Edea Santori! She was in London twelve years ago, before she was sixteen years old, and danced in the "Rose d'Amour," at the Empire. Competent critics acknowledged the presence of a pretty girl who could not dance; now they must recognise the graceful woman upon whom the mantle of a Cerali or Bettina de Sortis has fallen. I cannot compare her with the great dancers of *le temps jadis*; they are to me no more than names endowed with

some approach to life by what the veteran Katti Lanner has told me about them. But Edea Santori is a great dancer, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, an artist whose gifts enable her to defy the poverty of the work she is called upon to beautify. Many dancers acquire technical excellence—constant practice in the schools will lead to it; and yet, when the point of the toe is to them as the sole of the foot to the average woman, when the most difficult pirouette does not assail their balance, when they are as much at their ease on one foot as on two, there may be a big gulf separating them from the circle into which of late years Cerali, Legnani, Nelidova, and a very few others have entered. She must have the soul as well as the body of a dancer who would rise above the condition of mere technical excellence. To great skill Edea Santori adds a wonderful grace that finds full scope upon the vast stage of La Scala, where there is room for every action to find expression. There was no moment in which her delightful poses revealed their difficulty, or gave a hint as to the muscular exertion underlying them. Everything was fresh and spontaneous, and each solo forced some small measure of applause from a tired and sulky house. I was well content to forgive and forget "Il Carillon" and all its absurdities while watching the one artist in whom the spirit that makes ballet possible and the art that makes it beautiful were revealed. I realised more strongly than ever the fascination that ballet must have had for our fathers in the nights of Taglioni, Cerito, Elsler, and Grahn, and resolved to ask one of our leading houses to invite Signorina Santori to London, that she may help to cherish that delicate flower, the English ballet. And for the rest, I was content to watch her triumphant progress through the maze of "Il Carillon," to be sorry for her sake when the curtain finally fell, and to dedicate to her the praise of Perdita as offered by Prince Florizel—

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function.

S. I. B.

FOOTBALL FOR FRANCE.

Père Didon, the energetic Dominican monk who has done so much of late years to introduce football into France, and whose figure is such a familiar one at all the international matches played on the other side of the Channel, has recently come to England with the object of studying the organisation and games of some of the principal schools, beginning with Eton. Patriotic French antiquaries have proved that it was from France we stole "le football" some centuries ago, a point, perhaps, which Père Didon will attempt to elucidate while he is among us. Whether the antiquaries are correct or not, the few French travellers who visited England before the beginning of the eighteenth century do not seem to have recognised the football. Misson describes "le foot ball, a useful, charming exercise; it is a leather ball as large as one's head, and filled with air; it is kicked about in the streets by whoever can get hold of it; this is the whole science of the game." Another French visitor at about the same time, Muralt, writes: "The people amuse themselves sometimes in an inconvenient fashion, not without insolence, as when they push a ball through the streets with their feet, and divert themselves by smashing the windows of houses and carriages." The same Misson, by-the-bye, gives his compatriots a good deal of peculiar and interesting information about England and the English.

SLAUGHTERING THE ENEMY.

There are few villages in England more attractive than Preston-on-Stour, in Gloucestershire; few parks more beautifully timbered and undulated than its adjoining park of Alscoot. Its summer aspects are delightful, and there is a wonderful display of autumnal glories in the brilliant colours of its majestic old trees. There you may hear the defiant cries of the bucks, and occasionally the rapid clash and clatter of their contending horns. Under far-spreading boughs that descend so low that you must stoop to pass beneath them, you may note the wild frenzy of their leaps and thrusts, or, in the shade of some of the great clumps of ash, oak, beech, and elm, avenues of which are grandly abundant, steal with perfect safety tolerably near to their field of fight. Even now, when winter is with us, the fine old park still has attractions for those who love the picturesque.

But our business is with one of the gamekeepers of Mr. West, who owns this delightful estate, our frequent companion, Hibberd. One autumnal morning we set out together merrily, he carrying over his shoulder a formidable axe, I with sketch-book and pencil in perfect readiness, each armed for the work before him. We are going to destroy a hornets' nest in the gaunt hollow of a dead tree, or, as he says, "smoke the varmints out," and to pictorially record that interesting process.

Our task is by no means unexciting or devoid of danger, for hornets have, as the ancient ballad says, "stings as sha-arpe as a bagonet," and they are even more vigorous and active in making use of them than the most pugnacious and aggressive foes of smaller kind—the bees. Their females are larger than the males, and the males and workers are without stings. Their colours are chiefly very rich and bright reds and browns, the head and abdomen being buff-coloured. Their nests are most ingeniously and carefully constructed, and with no little forethought, the layers of cells being so contrived as to completely fill the space for which they are designed. The hornet is the bee's most deadly enemy, and a terribly destructive plague in the fruit-gardens.

My friend Hibberd had, on the previous night, thrust into the aperture some cotton-wool saturated with coal-tar, and this had to some extent stupefied the "varmints." His first business was to carefully remove this. As he did so, out, with a loud, angry buzz, came a pair of hornets, and at once made for us; but a few blows with our caps quickly disposed of them. The next business was thrusting in a lighted sulphur match. Then we stood aside for about twenty minutes, and at the expiration of that time our gamekeeper enlarged the hole with two or three strokes of his axe and peeped in. The loud, buzzing uproar which ensued gave a warning which was not neglected, for in an instant he clapped his cap over the hole. After smoking and chatting awhile, the keeper rose, saying, "I think they must be dead now," and dead



A HORNETS' NEST.

they, for the most part, were. So a few more shattering blows finished the work and placed the nest in our possession. It was, however, still a ticklish job, for hornets die hard, and some of them showed signs of life.

FROM BEN JONSON TO MRS. CRAIGIE.

"THE ALCHEMIST."

The Elizabethan Society did good service in reviving Ben Jonson's play, "The Alchemist," in the Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars (which was described in these pages last week). The comedy was played on an open stage, and the company were, on the whole, very good. On looking through



THE THREE SWINDLERS (SUBTLE, FACE, AND DOL COMMON), IN
"THE ALCHEMIST."

the pictures at the Apothecaries' Hall, I was struck with a particularly fine portrait of James I. Of course, it was that Stuart monarch to whom the Society of Apothecaries owed, first, its incorporation with the Grocers' Company in 1606, and, afterwards, the bestowal of the charter in 1617 that gave it a separate existence as the "Society of the Art and Mystery of Apothecaries of the City of London." Passing beyond the turmoil of Ludgate Hill Station, you emerge into Water Lane, Blackfriars, close to the site of the old Blackfriars Theatre, and to the present *Times* office, and it is like coming into another world when you enter the old courtyard that leads to the more dignified and private portions of Apothecaries' Hall. The Hall, *per se*, is smaller than those of many of the City Companies and Inns of Court, but it is quite large enough for the performance of such a play as "The Alchemist." The Elizabethan Stage Society's most interesting next production will be the performance for the first time on any stage of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, "Loerine," and this will take place on Monday week at St. George's Hall, now being managed by Mr. Meyrick Milton.

"A REPENTANCE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

John Oliver Hobbes has set so high a standard for herself by "The Ambassador" that one is tempted to judge her new piece, "A Repentance," now presented at the St. James's as *lever de rideau*, a little severely. No doubt, her episode of the Carlist War has a true note of tragedy in it and some pretty passages of dialogue; but the handling of her complicated scheme is not really adroit, and one is puzzled rather than persuaded by the conduct of the hero, whilst the heroine is also something of an enigma. Moreover, the Count des Esclas, the chief figure, as presented to us, seems hardly an interesting person. Weathercocks do not make very good heroes. The Count is so contemptible, when he comes to spy in his own house on his own wife for the authorities on the eve of a Carlist rising, that, even if we could believe that a sudden glow of emotion, a forty-mile-a-minute developed love, and a new suit of clothes, might induce him to die uselessly, at the request of his loving wife, for a cause in which he does not believe, we should feel disposed to say something about a good riddance. Yet one must not call "A Repentance" bad rubbish, or rubbish at all—it is merely an error of judgment, an effort to achieve the impossible, an attempt to give in one act what demands five, with, as result, a piece that occupies the same relation to true drama as a pot of meat-extract to a Chateaubriand. Miss Julie Opp's acting undoubtedly is of considerable merit, and the overture by Sir Hubert Parry is interesting and effective.

"THE CUCKOO," AT THE AVENUE.

If the schoolboy should translate "Decoré," the title of Meilhac's comedy, adapted by Mr. Charles Brookfield, as "decorous," he will make a huge error, for "The Cuckoo" is pretty "steep"—to use a slang word about a slangy piece—and the original must have been of prodigious

steepness. The new Avenue Theatre play is Brookfield at his best—and worst: Brookfield at his wittiest and wickedest. One laughs at the wit of his impudent lines and broad humour of his characters, and wonders what the virtuous will think of such pictures of life, or rather, of the stage. The title, the name of the adapter, and the fact that "Charlie" Hawtrey is the manager, almost tell the tale. Mr. and Mrs. Penfold do a little "chassez croisez" with Hugh Farrant and Lady Alexandra Park—otherwise "the old Tea-Cake." No one is a bit the worse, since the modern traditions of our stage demand that guilty lovers in farce shall always be disappointed. The upshot, however, is that poor Penfold, who is hardly wickeder than his wife, comes under her thumb as a convicted libertine, for Farrant, in his abortive elopement, saved a man from drowning and a king from a lion, which glorious deeds were ascribed by all the papers to Penfold, who was thus forced to tell his wife of his escapade and leave her to pose as the indignant virtuous spouse. And a cuckoo-clock chimed as the curtain fell, reminding one of the lines in "Love's Labour's Lost"—"Cuckoo, O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear"—which were somewhat tactlessly sung in a recent production of "As You Like It."

Such a piece does not demand nice criticism. Whether it is proper or permissibly improper is a question I leave to moralists. That it is clever, despite a clumsy over-employment of soliloquies, the hearty laughter showed, though it may and must be admitted that Mrs. Penfold's solo scenes fell rather flat—a fact for which Mr. Brookfield is not responsible, since they were ingeniously written, and showed a real sense of character—bad character.

The "hit" of the piece was made by Miss Constance Collier, an actress who threatens to take a very important place on our stage. She appears only in one short scene, but her picture of Lady Alexandra Park, otherwise "the old Tea-Cake," was a brilliant, humorous study of the character of what the French call "une de ces dames," and what Mrs. Penfold crudely styles "a common woman." She hardly uttered a word or made a gesture without causing a roar of laughter. Mr. Hawtrey, the Hugh Farrant, was hardly at his best, for he had a bad cold; but he acted very cleverly; and Mr. Arthur Williams, forgetful of old mannerisms, gave a truly comic picture of Penfold. There was a waiter, Colfax, broadly drawn and acted broadly by Mr. Charles Stevens, who proved to be very diverting. I suppose we ought all to have been shocked. I am sure most of us were much amused, and fancy that "The Cuckoo" will be long in its nest if the part of Mrs. Penfold be cut or played more skilfully.

A "REVUE," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

So we are to see the "Revue" in England at last. For years the Continent has delighted in these up-to-date spectacles that give a readily accepted chance to the satirist, and Mr. Henry Gillman is arranging one for the summer season at the Crystal Palace. When one man sets an example, there are plenty of people quick to follow it. Within a week of the announcement from Sydenham, two similar entertainments were mooted elsewhere. Unfortunately for imitators, Mr. Gillman has cornered the talent. Giovanni Pratesi and Signora Adelina Rossi, whose pantomime was so much admired at Christmas-time, will be in the



THE PIOUS PURITANS AND DAPPER, THE LAWYER'S CLERK, IN
"THE ALCHEMIST."

cast, and the ballets will be arranged by Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson and Signor Carlo Coppi, who have done excellent work in combination elsewhere. M. Georges Jacobi, of Alhambra fame, will compose and conduct the music.

THE RIVAL CREWS.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW ON THE THAMES AT BOURNE END.

With the departure of the Oxford and Cambridge crews from their home waters, preparations for the race assume a more definite shape. Strict training began for the Oxford crew upon Feb. 16, and for the Light Blues two days later, but there have been frequent changes in the constitution of the two crews since the preliminary practices. The Cambridge crew for this year (who are the guests of Mr. R. C. Lehmann at Bourne End) are considered very high-class and appear to be shaping better than the Oxford boat. Here it is—

	st.	lb.
W. H. Chapman (Third Trinity) (bow)	11	1
2. H. L. Calvert (Trinity Hall)	11	8
3. C. J. D. Goldie (Third Trinity)	12	3
4. J. E. Payne (Peterhouse)	12	10½
5. R. B. Etherington-Smith (First Trinity)	12	13
6. J. H. Sanderson (First Trinity)	12	2½
7. W. Dudley-Ward (Third Trinity)	12	11½
J. H. Gibbon (Third Trinity) (stroke)	11	3½
G. A. Lloyd (Third Trinity) (cox.)		

The Oxford crew, who must make immense improvement to reach decent form, took up their quarters at Cookham on March 1, after almost seven weeks' training upon the home waters. The men are—

	st.	lb.
R. O. Pitman (New College) (bow)	10	7
2. J. A. Tinné (University)	11	13
3. A. H. Steel (Balliol)	12	8½
4. H. J. Hale (Balliol)	12	10½
5. C. E. Johnston (New)	12	13
6. F. W. Warre (Balliol)	12	12½
7. A. T. Herbert (Balliol)	12	7
H. Gold (Magdalen) (stroke)	11	6
C. S. MacLagan (Magdalen) (cox.)	8	4½



ETHERINGTON-SMITH, SANDERSON, AND LLOYD WITH THEIR HOST, MR. R. C. LEHMANN, AT HIS BOAT-HOUSE.



THE OXFORD CREW PRACTISING ON THE THAMES AT COOKHAM.

The crews seem very pleased with their new boats. The new Sims carries the Cantabs in splendid shape, and has received the approval of Mr. Lehmann. Before leaving home waters for Cookham, the Dark Blues thoroughly tested Fred Rough's new boat, which was then despatched, together with last year's "eight," to the Kew waters in charge of Tom Tims. The 1899 Rough is built of Honduras cedar, and is fitted with loose wheel-slides. Her dimensions are: Length, 62 ft.; beam, 23 in.; depth, 9½ in.; forward, 6½ in.; aft, 5½ in. She shows a graceful shape, and is a bit finer than the last year's eight. The Dark Blue coaches, Mr. R. R. C. Rowe and Mr. D. H. McLean, think that she will take a little bit off the top when the race comes.

The swing of Cambridge is already good and long, the sliding is correct, and there is an excellent approach to uniformity, which is even greater than can be expected when the changes and shifts of seats up to the day of departure from Cambridge are recalled. The shape of the bodies is neat and in form, but there is a tendency towards a very slovenly feather at the

finish of the stroke. Six out of the eight men feather under water. Chapman and Goldie are exempt from this weak fault in style. Dudley-Ward, an old Eton captain, and Etherington-Smith are the worst offenders, but Payne, Calvert, and Sanderson are all guilty. With this exception, the Cambridge crew for '99 is superior to the crews of 1896 and 1897, while in the '99 boat there is not a bad worker in the crew, and, considering the good class of the material of the Light Blue crew and the capital shape of body and leg-work, foul feathering at the finish of the stroke must not be permitted to cripple the Cantabs' prospects. At present little racing is tried for any distance, but both crews have negotiated a few three-and-a-quarter mile stretches. Should the Cantabs cure the foul feather, the selected crew ought to beat the Oxonians of last year, and, in that case, Oxford will have to produce an improvement upon the 1898 boat to win this year. The Oxford crew will have to train very severely before they are even in partial form, since the steadiness of the boat is at present very unreliable. It is an interesting speculation to forecast the victory; but, on present form, Oxford will find it very difficult to win.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 8, 6.50; Thursday, 6.52; Friday, 6.54; Saturday, 6.56; Sunday, 6.58; Monday, 7; Tuesday, 7.1.

A hare-brained proposal has been made to build a special cycling-road from Croydon to Brighton. The cost will be only some £500,000, and it is estimated the expenses will be about £5000 a-year. Travellers on it will, of course, pay "fares," and these, it is expected, will far more than cover expenses. The idea germinated in the brain of Mr. W. T. Chadwin. If he intends to form a company, I know at least one person who'll fight shy of it.

Supposing for a moment special cycling-roads were made along our favourite routes, they would at once degenerate into the happy neck-breaking ground of the "scorchers." Ordinary cyclists, who wheel for pleasure, would keep away. Further, the road would be kept level as far as possible. This seems an advantage; it really isn't. I don't care for long, stiff climbs up rough roads, but I do like a road that dips and rises and winds. I know nothing so monotonous as your absolutely level road. And, then, the cycle-way would probably be wood-fenced, to prevent non-payers of "fares" using the track. Fancy cycling through Surrey with new palings six feet high on each side of you! No, that will never do. The charm of cycling for pleasure is the little heaves by the way, the little climb, the little bit of coasting. Of course, we all want our roads improved. But we don't want to leave the roads, all the same. A week or two ago I urged informal cinder-tracks along the side of our highways. They would be inexpensive. I've ridden over such paths in other countries, and they're a double blessing when the roads are muddy.

bicycles. So now the two African potentates are trying to break their neck on some other type of machine.

In the days of the "boom," I believe, there was a company that undertook to clean one's bicycle at so much per month. What has become of that company? Is it dead? If it is, somebody ought to start another. Properly worked, there is a lot of money to be made by cleaning bicycles. Some people hand their bicycles over to the servants, others do the work themselves. But most people would gladly pay a shilling to have their wheel made neat, with loose-working crank tightened and slack bolt screwed up. A company could have a list of clients on its books, and cycling workmen could go round at intervals asking if machines wanted cleaning, and charging each time that was done. The company would, of course, charge their clients a minimum fee per month to cover the cost of maybe three or four useless visits to a house. There's money in the scheme. Why, I'm almost inclined to float a company myself.

Let Colonel J. Bower, Mr. R. Earwaker, and Mr. H. C. Hasler, Justices sitting on the Petty Sessional bench at Droxford, be pilloried. Here is the reason. Two cyclists were recently returning home along a country road. When three miles from home, they came upon the scene of an accident. Lying by the roadside was a woman, seriously injured and unconscious. The husband asked the help of the cyclists. The hour for lighting up was half-an-hour off. But they didn't think of that. Their first thought was of securing a doctor. That meant a ride of eleven miles. Night fell while they were rushing off; a constable stopped them, and subsequently they were summonsed for riding without lights. They appeared before these three wise Judges, and explained



THE EAST RAND CYCLE CLUB.

A number of East Rand cyclists had a curious Christmas picnic on the farm of Mr. George Farrar, a pretty oasis in the desert four miles north-east of Johannesburg. The East Rand Cycle Club is quite a young organisation, and is captained by Mr. John Belton, of Cumberland county in the Old Country. As this, their first attempt, proved a great success, it is intended to have an outing periodically. Cycling in the Transvaal is vastly different to cycling in the Old Country. The never-ending bare veldt does not compare kindly with the English green fields and country lanes. The roads, also, are a great drawback; but the Farrar Farm and suchlike places are highly appreciated by all visitors.

Those of us who've done long distances know that it is quite possible to drop into a semi-sleep and yet keep on pedalling. But it is news that a man may be dead and yet ride a bicycle. The latest tall tale arrives from Australia. A telegram tells how James Somerville, a champion rider, came to his death suddenly. It was during a race; when within twenty-five yards of the winning-post, he released his hold of the handles and his head dropped forward. But he worked the pedals for all he was worth and came in the winner. He was dead; the doctors said he died in the last lap.

The Earl of Warwick is responsible for the latest cycling story. He is chairman of a cycle company, and the other day this company got an intimation from the Colonial Office saying they might send in tenders for two machines for African potentates, but that the price must not exceed £5! Lord Warwick says it struck him that there must be some desperate characters out in that country whom the Home Government wished to dispose of, and he personally had the suspicion that Mr. Chamberlain wanted to dispose of Mr. Kruger by means of a Coventry bicycle. Anyway, his company wanted more than £5 for their

how unwittingly had they offended; further, they produced letters from the medical man and the husband of the injured woman, explaining the circumstances. Intelligent magistrates would have commended the men, though the law was broken, as Sir John Bridge did on a memorable occasion. But Colonel Bower and Messrs. Earwaker and Hasler, with but a segment of the head and none of the heart of the Bow Street Knight, said, "Law is law and must be obeyed." So they fined the unfortunate fellows 1s and 2s. 6d., and mulcted them in 10s. costs each. If this is law, then the law is "a Hass."

At Gosforth the magistrates behaved much more sensibly. Dr. Kyffin, a local practitioner, was summonsed for riding on the footpath. He pleaded that doctors had a statutory right to take the shortest route when called to visit an urgent case, and he interpreted the word "shortest" to also mean "quickest." The Justices adjourned the case to verify this contention, and then they, very properly, dismissed the summons. A doctor can, when urgency calls, ride on his bicycle on the footpath, and in the dark without a lamp. That has been definitely decided. Hurrying on the part of a lay cyclist to fetch a doctor, however, is just as important as the hurry of the cycling doctor himself in returning. But the lay cyclist can claim no statutory privilege. That is precious near being an anomaly.

This is just the sort of yarn one would expect from Chicago. Two gentlemen of Porkopolis, equally good on the wheel and with the cue, made a match for five hundred dollars a-side to play billiards on bicycles. The cues were double the ordinary length, and the men had to ride round the table, steering with one hand and making their strokes with the other. The biggest "break" was six. The next break was a broken arm, but this did not count. The other player "ran out" easily.—J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Lincoln market has shown no signs of life yet, for the reason that betting men are waiting for the Foxhill trial, which is now looked upon as quite an annual affair of importance. This, of course, is solely owing to the fact that the last three Lincoln Handicaps have been won by horses from Robinson's stable. One feature of interest to me is that



THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY'S CHALLENGE CUP.

Kopely has been steadily backed from 25 to 1 downwards. The more I study the race, the more this horse's chance strikes me, and I cannot forget the manner in which he won the Great Tom Stakes over the same course. Sam Loates is, I hear, to ride Mr. Percy's candidate. Mazeppa's name is not mentioned often, but a study of the book, as I have pointed out, reveals the fact that this filly can be made out one of the best of her year, her performances being exceptionally smart. To Kopely and Mazeppa, then, I still hold for the Lincoln Handicap.

The Grand National is in no better case than the Lincoln. Here the market is crippled by the Netheravon mystery. When Mr. Fulton was alive, Netheravon and its horses were the

bugbear of all speculators, and circumstances have in no wise changed. Mr. Dyas has Gentle Ida there, and a friend of his, Whitehill. The latter has been quietly supported to win the National, while all men are agreed that Gentle Ida cannot lose so she will on the day. In this opinion I share. I take very scant notice of the Whitehill bogey. It may or may not be one of the annual "market" horses. That matters little to me. Gentle Ida is one of the finest steeplechasers in England, and the manner in which she smashed up Parma Violet made me feel confident that she could win the Grand National. So far, I see no reason to change my ideas on the subject.

Until the two races I have referred to are decided, and the City and Suburban is run, interest in the Chester Cup and Jubilee Stakes—most popular of all handicaps and inseparable from Victor Wild—will lie dormant. When the Chester race comes to be talked about, the Duke of Westminster's Batt is sure to be fancied by some people. The Duke would dearly like to win this race, but has met with nothing but failure so far. Nor do I think he will succeed this year, if Piety go to the post fit and well. The running of Piety last year in this race and at Ascot was very good, and his chance for the prize cheese is second to none. For the Jubilee, when the time comes round, I expect Robinson will serve up a very warm favourite in Bridegroom. The race looks a good thing for last year's second, who has only the same weight apportioned him as he then carried, namely 7 st. 11 lb. On that occasion he finished within a short head of Dinna Forget, to whom he was conceding weight.

I shall be heartily glad when hurdle-racing and steeplechasing is done with, if we are to have any more seasons like the present one. The Sport controlled by the National Hunt Committee has been deplorable and degrading. Week after week we have been treated to revolutions in form that cannot be excused on any grounds whatsoever. Horses have started without quotations and finished "down the course" which, a few days afterwards, have been backed for a lot of money, and won with scarcely an effort. It is no wonder to me that a large number of sportsmen look askance at the "lepping" game and will have none of it. Abuses exist in all walks of life, but where they are winked at, they are bound to be common, and until a strong hand is played by the authorities I am afraid we can hope for no improvement. One point has been reached, however—National Hunt Sport can sink to no lower depth than it has reached.

It is not often that an assault has been committed on royalty on a racecourse, but one took place at Ascot in 1832. On the Tuesday, when the royal procession had arrived at the Royal Stand and the King and Queen were standing at the window and bowing to a brilliant assemblage

of friends and guests, the utmost consternation was created by a most outrageous assault on his Majesty. A ruffian in the garb of a sailor, with a wooden leg, suddenly threw a large flint-stone at his Majesty King William IV. His aim was as accurate as the effect of the blow was severe. The stone struck the King on the forehead, just above the rim of his hat, which was, fortunately, on his head at the time. His Majesty was almost stunned by the blow, and, before he could recover, the same ruffian threw another stone, which fortunately struck the woodwork of the window and fell to the ground. The prisoner stated that his name was Dennis Carrol, that he was a native of Cork, and was a naval pensioner at Greenwich Hospital, but, through some bad behaviour to a wardman, he had been turned out. From that period he had been without pension or means of support. He had applied to the Lords of the Admiralty for redress, but in vain. He then petitioned the King, but whether the petition reached the King or not he could not say, and, nothing being done for him, he became desperate, and determined to have his revenge on his Majesty. He was taken to Reading Gaol to await his trial. His Majesty and the Queen on leaving the course were heartily cheered.

The Shire Horse Society's Challenge Cup for the best stallion is a fine specimen of the goldworker's art (it is 15-carat gold and of the value of 100 guineas), the work of Mappin and Webb. Standing thirteen inches high upon an ebonised base, the body of the cup is gracefully fluted, with the handles chased in Renaissance style, the whole surmounted by a cover terminating in a chased and fluted knob. The cup was presented to Mr. Alexander Henderson, the owner of Buscot Harold, in person by the Prince of Wales.

With the arrival of Sloan and the opening of the Flat-Racing season, we are pretty sure to see a continuation of the discussion as to which is the better mode of riding, the American or the English. Meanwhile, I was pleased to note the remarks made by an Australian sportsman who wrote from this country to a colonial paper. He does not mince words, but says, and says truly, "An English jockey's method is first to drive his horse half-mad at the start; they term this 'getting off.'" Herein is the secret, to my thinking, of the large number of bad-tempered horses we see on our racecourses. The thoroughbred horse is a sensitive animal, and it is quite natural that a series of "hauling-about" engenders a spirit of obstinacy and sulkiness. With the starting-machine, pulling a horse about at the post would be an ugly practice of the past. So the sooner we have races started by the machine the better.

CAPTAIN COE.

CRICKET.

From far-off St. Johns, Antigua, comes this picture of members of two cricket teams—Ladies against Gentlemen (Gowns v. Clowns), who played in a match which took place at the Rectory Grounds, St. Johns, on Jan. 28 last. Being the first of its kind in Antigua, the match created considerable interest and was largely attended. The Ladies appeared in white dresses and straw hats, with red-and-white or blue-and-white bands and ties. This costume was very neat and effective. The Gentlemen were all dressed in the ordinary costume of clowns, no two being alike. The Clowns had to bat, bowl, field, and wicket-keep with the left hand; if the right hand was used, two runs were added to the score of Gowns, and if both hands, four runs were added. The



THE WOMEN OF ANTIGUA ("GOWNS") WHO PLAYED A CRICKET MATCH WITH THE MEN ("CLOWNS") IN JANUARY.

Photo by José Arzu, Antigua.

result of the match was as follows: Gowns, 28 and 69; Clowns, 43 and 32 for eight wickets. It will be seen that the match was not completed, the Clowns not being able to finish their second innings before the drawing of stumps.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

THE MARKETS.

An active demand has been felt for money, but there has been no shortage of supply; during the coming week, however, the requirements of the Stock Exchange Settlement will probably drive borrowers to the Bank, and keep prices firm. It looks as if dear money was not improbable in New York, in which case the Yankee boom would be doomed.

Several causes have contributed to bring about a dull tone upon the Stock Exchange, among which we may enumerate the Paris Settlement, fears of a renewal of the political crisis in China, and the idea that dear money was probable in New York. From all sides, however, we hear that brokers are still receiving a goodly number of small buying orders and many inquiries, especially in the lower-priced Mining shares and all sorts of Industrial ventures, so that it looks as if the public had by no means exhausted its desire to invest, although, perhaps, speculate would be the more correct word.

Our portrait this week is of Mr. Robert B. Hewitt, who has for over twenty years held the post of City Editor to that oldest and most conservative of evening papers, the *Globe*. Of late its financial columns have been strengthened by the introduction of a column of brisk notes, which are well done, instructive, and entertaining.

GRAND TRUNKS OR MEXICAN RAILS.

We have called attention on several occasions of late to the causes

which appear likely to make for a rise in Mexican Rails, and it would seem as though a little public interest were at last becoming aroused in the stocks of the company, dead though they still remain so far as speculation is concerned. It is no wish of ours to initiate speculation—over and over again we have pointed this out; but the Preference stocks of the Mexican Railway are worth the attention of the investor who can afford to take some risk for the sake of a rise in capital value at a later date. Compared with Grand Trunks, the Mexican Company shines to advantage at several important points. Look at this table of the capital account—

	Ordinary Stock.	First. Pref.	Second Pref.
Mexican Railway ...	£2,254,720	£2,554,100	£1,011,960
Grand Trunk ...	22,475,985	3,420,000	2,530,000

Besides the above, the Grand Trunk has large amounts of other securities, against a couple of million pounds Debentures in the Mexican Company.

Of course, it must be borne in mind that the Mexican is a mere toy railway compared with the more northerly line; but this is another fact which should tell in its favour. Its 321 miles can be worked at a much cheaper rate in comparison, and opportunities for economy are much more palpable in the case of a small concern. A dividend of some sort has been paid upon the 8 per cent. First Preference stock for the last twelve half-years, whereas Trunk Firsts received no dividend since April 1891, until the other day, when a tardy 3 per cent. forthcame—the first distribution for nearly eight years. It is confidently anticipated that, under the present régime, a full 5 per cent. may be looked for upon Trunk Firsts at the next half-year; but, if this can be paid, its maintenance will be a matter of anxiety for many years to come, and there is a vast amount of pre-Ordinary stock upon which dividends must be paid before the twenty-two millions sterling of Consolidated gets anything at all. That the markets do vaguely realise these facts is apparent from the difference in the prices, but these figures seem to do injustice to the smaller line. We quote Saturday's closing quotations—

	1st Pref.	2nd Pref.	3rd Pref.	Ordinary.
Mexican Railway ...	85½	37½	—	23½
Grand Trunk ...	79½	56½	24½	8½

The most glaring difference is the wide margin between the prices of the two Second Preferences, due to market hopes that Trunk Seconds are within sight of a dividend. These hopes, however, are founded upon mere guesswork, and, if one invests on guesses, it seems to us that Mexican Seconds is the cheaper stock of the two.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

From a correspondent in the North we hear great things of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., the famous gun firm of Elswick. The present price of 4½ looks high, especially as the return at this figure upon the basis of the last two dividends is only about 3½ per cent., but, judging from the excellent showing of Vickers the other day, it is reasonable to

suppose that Armstrong shareholders may also look forward to a better distribution. The present price is the highest touched since the company's amalgamation with Whitworths. Reverting for a moment to the new issues, there is rather an interesting report current about Day and Martin, whose prospectus met with anything but a hearty reception at the hands of the Press, although the issue was largely over-subscribed by the public. From a usually well-informed quarter we hear that the company has recently lost the services of the man who for many years discouraged every new scheme which appeared at all speculative in his conservative eyes. The report goes that the company will now forge rapidly ahead, and that, when the first rush of sellers is over, a determined effort will be made to run up the price of the shares to thirty shillings. Be this how it may, the market is a weak one for the present.

Kodaks have been snapped up by dealers whose normal home is in the Yankee Market, and this has given colour to the rumour that the Americans were buying the Photographic shares. Cotton descriptions are quiet. An interesting suggestion for dealing in Coats' new stock upon the basis of £1 is made by a well-known firm of Edinburgh brokers, but has met with little London support. Russian Oil shares are neglected, while the recent rise in Salmon and Gluckstein's and Lyons' shares has been succeeded by a healthy breathing-space of reaction.

WESTRALIANS.

Business in the West Australian Market has come to a semicolon; each day seems duller than its predecessor, and no one has a kind word to say for the deserted Kangaroos. The attempt which was made to infuse a little vivacity into prices, on the strength of the Kaffir revivette a few weeks ago, proved a failure, and, for the time being, the market is left to take care of itself. The backing which it possesses—none too strong in its very palmiest days—seems to be unequal to the task of keeping up even a semblance of interest in things that the public are resolutely ignoring, and the result is, as we have stated, a deadly dullness of inaction.

Here and there one finds an interesting spot in the list. Golden Link shares are weak by reason of the assertion that the Lake View lode runs away from the property instead of through it. The Associated group presents a firm front to the sagging tendency that pervades the market. Upon any revival, Associateds should have a further rise. The London and Globe group is resting—we had nearly said "rusting"—and the Special Settlement in the new shares is now proceeding. Nothing definite is known about the date of the Le Roi settlement, but we have reason to believe that it will take place about the middle of April. Lake View are supported whenever the price falls to 10, and the Golden Horseshoe clique will not allow any liberties to be taken with the shares until the splitting scheme has been safely consummated.

Hannan's shares of one sort and another are sinking into insignificance once more, the weakest of the tribe being Brownhills. For a gamble, Hannan's Proprietary at about six shillings are probably worth buying, to put away until the next Westralian boom comes round.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Yes, I'll do it!" exclaimed my friend—secretary to a well-known company—as he jumped up from the seat upon which we had been discussing his chances of success by an exchange from St. Swithin's Lane to the Stock Exchange. His mind made up, all eagerness was he to know the road which should lead him into the classic halls of the House. The *modus* is simple, provided the would-be aspirant for Stock Exchange membership is well known to at least three present members who will "go bail" for him to the extent of £500 each, which is forfeited for the benefit of his creditors if disaster brings him to the hammer within four years from the date of entry. In addition to this, there is the entrance-fee of five hundred guineas to be paid, and another forty guineas for the yearly subscription, thirty guineas if he is elected for the year now closing. His name has to be posted for eight days in the Miscellaneous Market, after which he receives an invitation to attend before the Committee in the company of his sureties. "Going before the beak," as it is irreverently called, is usually a proceeding accompanied by some slight trepidation on the novitiate's part, but the ordeal is soon over. Ushered into the Committee-room by a venerable waiter, the would-be member is waved to a chair at one side of a long table, and confronted with a line of severe-looking elderly gentlemen, who nod gravely as their foreman addresses two or three questions to the prisoner at the bar. No refreshment is provided of any kind; you and your sureties adjourn to somewhere over the way for that afterwards. In a few days comes the formal letter of admission from the Committee, the Managers closely following it up with the demand for entrance-fee and subscription. For a man who has served an apprenticeship of four years in the House, the entrance-fee is only £157 10s., and two sureties of £300 each are required, so that the "three-decker," as the freshman is nicknamed, is distinctly badly off as compared with the clerk in the House who seeks membership.

From eighty hours per week, the Stock Exchange has come to working for about half that time. Quiet days fell upon the markets as they wrestled with the Consol Account, the Paris and Berlin Settlements, and one or two "Specials" thrown in. As soon as these were disposed of, the shadow of our own Mining Account began to tell, and there has been really very little to induce higher prices. The Settlement upon which we are now embarking, the end-March, is the spring Nineteen-Day Account, a name ominous in the ears of "bulls," although of late the long Accounts have done gallant things to upset the usual superstition that prices must inevitably fall within the three weeks. The Mining Contango Day comes on Saturday, March 25, the date fixed for the Boat-Race. The Easter holidays embrace the first days of April, and why the long Account could not be fixed so that it included these, Goodness (as represented by the Stock Exchange Committee) only knows.

The Foreign Market has quite recovered from the shock of Félix Faure's death, although the Kaffir Circus is still feeling its after-effects. Argentine stocks keep steadily on the up-grade. The feeling in the House is that the different loans are fair speculations for the rise, having regard to the latent possibilities which lurk in all South American republics for doing the very last thing in the world that anybody expects. Have you noticed the rise in that old friend of mine, Uruguay Three and a-Half per Cents? The yield is still high,

and I think those who bought the stock last year upon my recommendation should still hold on, although a 6 per cent. rise is a profit not to be ignored. Argentine Railways are a consistently good market. Both in the House and in the papers one comes across vague talk of largely enhanced dividends from the principal companies; but it is well to remember that prices have had a pretty big rise within the past fortnight, and reactions are the order of the day. A demand has been noticeable for some of the Argentine Tram concerns, investment in the home-made article having apparently been rendered too speculative by the enlightened policy of the County Council.

Yankees are little accounted of nowadays. The "one-at-a-time" principle prevalent a month ago, when nearly each day witnessed the rocketing of one particular stock, seems to have lost favour, and New York quietly sells all along the list whenever a chance occurs. Of course, it will have to get rid of some of the stuff it bought so eagerly at Christmas-time, and, for a little while, at least, speculators on the "bull" tack should take quick profits, even though they be small ones. In the Home Railway Department, the dealers stand idle all the day long, except the Districts Brigade, which, however, does a good deal more shouting than bargains. Great Westerns are still in request. The price appears to possess extraordinary buoyancy, and now that the line is clear for good traffics, I think the stock will probably go better still in the absence of unforeseen complications. It now stands at about 169½.

All the trio of Mining Markets had a very lazy time last week. Rhodesians are travelling with various new issues, and one of them, the Eagle-Vulture Mine, was run up to a pound per share premium. For an unproved property, this figure seems to have soared rather too rapidly, even for an Eagle-Vulture combination. Gold shares show signs of waking up again later on; shouldn't care to say whether the signs are to be trusted, though. I am no "bull" of Chartered, as a rule, but, judging by the look of the market, there does seem to be a chance of their rising to 4, and they will probably take Goldfields with them. The Paris Market is, however, a disquieting factor, and one which has been very largely to the fore during February. So much so, that some of the members began rubbing up their French. "Au reservoir!" quoth one of them in the washing-room as his brother passed along. "Oh, tanks!" responded the twin, hurrying by.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED.

The report and meeting of this company present a first-class object-lesson of how profitable a really sound industrial business may prove when organised under the limited liability laws, which are so much abused—no play on words intended, good reader. "Sunlight Soap" is, and for years has been, a household word all over the country, so that none of our readers will be astonished to hear that, with the balance of profits carried over from last year, the amount available for distribution from its sale in 1898 comes to the gigantic total of £291,395. Only the Preference shares are quoted and dealt in, while, as the total required to pay their 5 per cent. dividend is but £56,250, they may be considered (so far as such things can be) absolutely safe, from an investment point of view. The company has acquired the business of B. Brooke and Co., Limited, which is the strictly technical way of saying that to Sunlight Soap has been joined "Monkey Brand," so that in future it will be very difficult for even the most careful housekeeper to prevent contributing towards the dividends of Lever Brothers.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE REPORT.

The figures embodied in this report are, as usual, colossal. In the ordinary branch, the premiums received for the year amount to nearly £3,000,000, and the number of policies issued every week averages twelve hundred, while in the industrial section the premiums received were £5,000,000, and the total policies in force cover lives to the extent of £13,000,000. The methods of dealing with policy-holders, which have given this great company an enviable reputation for liberality, are being continued, and the feature of the year is the voluntary relinquishment of further premiums on policies which have been in force for a certain number of years in all cases where the lives have attained the age of seventy-five years.

The extraordinary and unique position which the Prudential Assurance Company has attained is exemplified in the most striking manner by the fact that, out of thirty-four lives which were lost at the launch of H.M.S. *Albion*, sixteen were insured in this office, while out of ten deaths caused by the Barking explosion, four were policy-holders of the Prudential. One would almost imagine half the nation were customers of the society.

USURY, SECRET COMMISSIONS, ETC.

If, twenty years ago, we had been told that in the year 1899 we should be re-enacting the old, and, as everybody then thought, exploded usury laws, a smile of derision or a scoffing answer would have risen to most men's lips; and yet here we are with a Cabinet Minister introducing a Money-Lending Bill, the Lord Chief Justice trying to legislate "secret commissions" out of existence, and even serious discussion going on in Parliament upon "keeping wheat at 40s. a quarter."

Well indeed may thoughtful men rub their eyes, for, at the rate we are going, the good old law of maximum, beloved by Marat and Robespierre, is getting within a measurable distance. We may yet live to see the wicked baker forbidden to charge more than fourpence-halfpenny for a quartern loaf!

History repeats itself, and we are to see again the re-enactment of the usury laws, just as we shall with equal certainty find they are as easily evaded in the twentieth as they were in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, for, so long as needy people want to borrow, and greedy people are willing to lend, you may legislate until Doomsday without preventing their mutually accommodating each other, and if, to carry out the transaction, devious ways and strange devices have to be indulged in, the only effect will be to raise the price of the accommodation, and thereby increase the difficulties of the borrower. If Shylock cannot safely lend to the modern spendthrift, he can sell him on credit a diamond ring or some other equally handy and useless luxury, which his friend Moses, lying in the next street, will buy at a reduction for cash!

The truth of the matter is that these things cannot be cured by legislation, the only effect of which, generally, is to drive the evils below the surface, and to make matters worse than they were before, as the experience of the next few years, we undertake to say, will amply prove.

If a short Act had been passed making the recovery of any money lent impossible unless there were a memorandum in writing, it might have proved as beneficial as the famous 4th Section of the Statute of Frauds, especially if it had been enacted that no terms other than those contained in the memorandum should be enforced. Then, at least, the borrower would have known what he was agreeing to, and, if the terms had been onerous, he would have had only himself to blame. Lord James's Bill, by trying to make one law for the money-lender and another for the rest of the community, is class legislation of the worst kind, designed to save fools from their own folly, and doomed to failure.

ISSUES.

Maple and Co., Limited.—This well-known company is offering 120,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at a premium of 10s., and no doubt they will be readily absorbed by the present shareholders. The issue is part of the authorised Preference capital of £1,000,000, of which already 750,000 shares have been allotted and paid up. At the price of issue the shares return 4 per cent to the investor, and may be considered a sound security, but without much chance of any great increase in capital value.

Titan Soap, Limited, is a company with a capital of £65,000, divided into 30,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and 35,000 Ordinary shares, both of £1 each. The company will acquire the business of the Liverpool Patent Soap Company, the rights and trade-marks in connection with Titan Soap, and a freehold factory and soap-works situated in Naylor Street, Liverpool. The valuers say the works are capable of turning out 120 tons of soap a-week, and that to erect and equip similar ones would cost £17,000, while the land on which they stand is worth £4000. The profits of the sale of Titan Soap during the last three years (after providing for all advertising) have been £15,171; but, unfortunately, the separate figures for each year are not given. The amount required to pay the Preference dividend is only £1650 a-year, so that the certified figures appear to make this amply secure. The purchase-price is £48,000, of which £30,000 is to be satisfied in cash, and the balance in cash or shares, at the option of the directors. The working capital is to be £17,000.

Thomas Wethered and Sons, Limited, is a company formed to carry on the business of Thomas Wethered and Sons, brewers, of Marlow. It is proposed to issue only £175,000 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock at par. The valuation shows the assets to be worth £291,000, and the certificate by Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, and Co. gives the details of profits for the last seven years, and is very satisfactory. The principal and interest of these Debentures appears amply covered.

The Lyme Regis Cement Company, Limited, is formed with a nominal capital of £75,000 to work forty acres of land at Lyme Regis, and make from the deposits thereon the best quality of Portland cement. The venture is a new one which must establish a business, as admittedly nothing but experimental works have been put up, and no profits have yet been earned. We should imagine that it is a venture very suitable for local capital, and although the purchase-price appears not unreasonable, we advise our readers to leave to the good people of Dorsetshire, who know all about it, the honour of subscribing for the shares.

Saturday, March 4, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPORTSMAN.—All three mines are very good, but the question of price is one about which we hardly like to give a decided opinion. All three are dividend-payers.

M. D.—(1) As a speculation, we think well of this. (2) Ditto. (3) We prefer Randfontein as a speculation. (4) We hear good accounts, but have no reliable information. (5) The company is doing a first-rate business. The price is low because the underwriters were obliged to take a good number of shares and have been trying ever since to unload. The final dividend is expected to be 10 per cent., unless our information is at fault.

JEWELLERY.—There is very little market for the Preference shares, which, we think, are a good investment. Write to the company's brokers, John Prust and Co., and ask them what they can get for the shares.

ALBERT.—(1) As a speculation, good to hold for higher prices. (2) Yes. (3) Very speculative, but with great possibilities. (4) The original property proved of no value, and the vendor gave the company another, of which great things are expected; but, to tell the truth, we don't think much will come of it. ANUBIS.—You might hold for a bit, but sell part on any further rise.

C. G.—Of course, if the colony "defaulted," the Estates Debentures, like the Government bonds, would go down, but you may dismiss such improbabilities from your calculations. What we pointed out was that the Government 3½ bonds were at 107, while the Estates Debentures, with the same or better security, were at 101. Whatever you put your money into, you run some risk, but, in our opinion, New Zealand is as good as any Australian colony, and as unlikely to default.

MARINER.—(1) Everything African fell on the collapse of the 1895 boom. (2) We should hold. (3) Very poor; but the price is so low that it is not worth while to sell if you can afford to see it out. (4) Whether the mines are nearly worked out depends on how the lately acquired additional properties turn out. With copper at the present high price, the profits this year will be very good, and we see no reason to sell. (5, 6, and 7) Very poor.

O. S. W.—Your letter and photos have been handed to the Editor.

A. J. (Demerara).—We answered your letter on the 3rd inst.

NOTTINGHAM.—The result of our inquiries in Birmingham is not encouraging.

S. W. W.—The shares you name are all more speculative than A. and F. Pears. Kodaks seem likely to see higher prices, while, if Hardebeck and Bornhardt continue to do the volume of business they are said to be now doing, they should certainly improve. You might sell your Pears, and put half the money in the two companies we have named and half in Lipton's Ordinary.

IOTA.—Nos. 1 and 2 are first-rate, especially No. 1. We do not like the London Properties debentures. Suppose you bought (1) Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banks, (2) National Discounts, (3) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock.

G. S. N.—Your letter has been handed to the Editor. We have had nothing to do with the matter.

TOXIN.—Your broker is right.

H. H. S. (Johannesburg).—The photograph is hardly suitable for the financial pages. We have handed it to the Editor, who may perhaps use it.